



THE

Tatler

AT HOME WITH HISTORY

& Bystander 2s. weekly 5 April 1961

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ADVENTUROUS
HOLIDAY
IN BRITAIN

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BEHIND
THEM

THE MAN
WHO
LORDS IT
OVER
LANDLORDS





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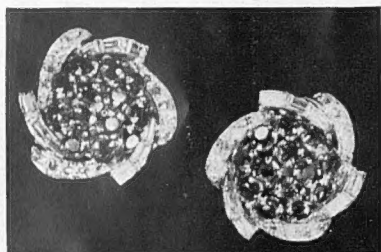
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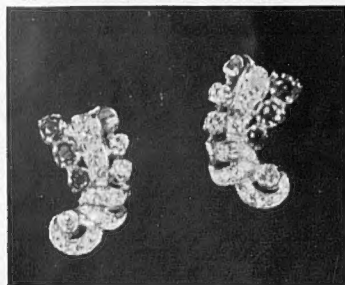
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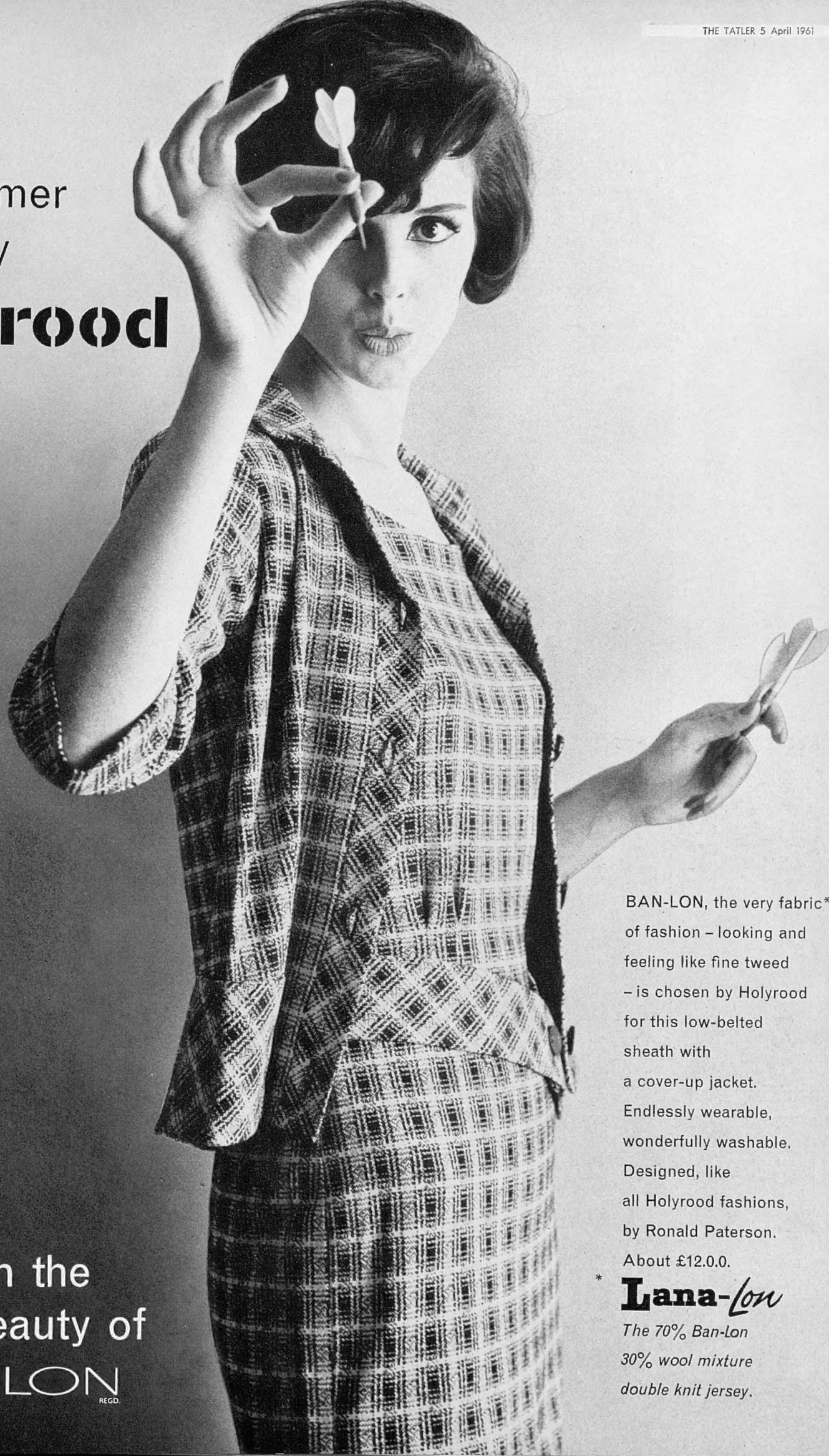
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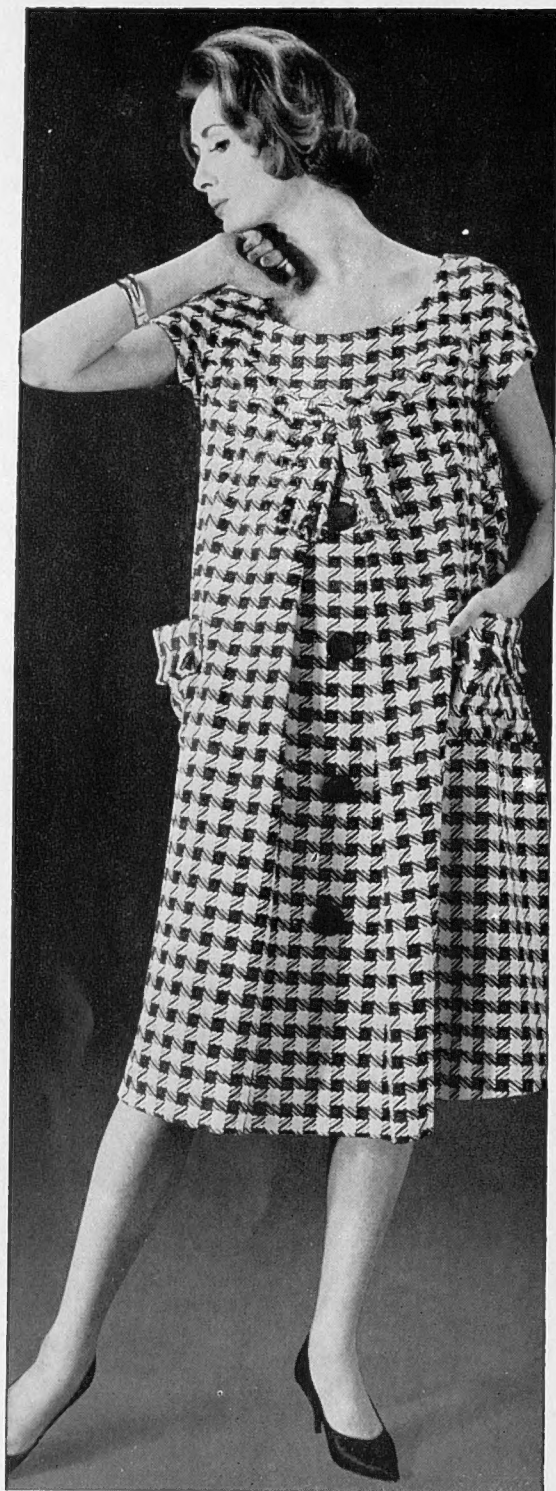
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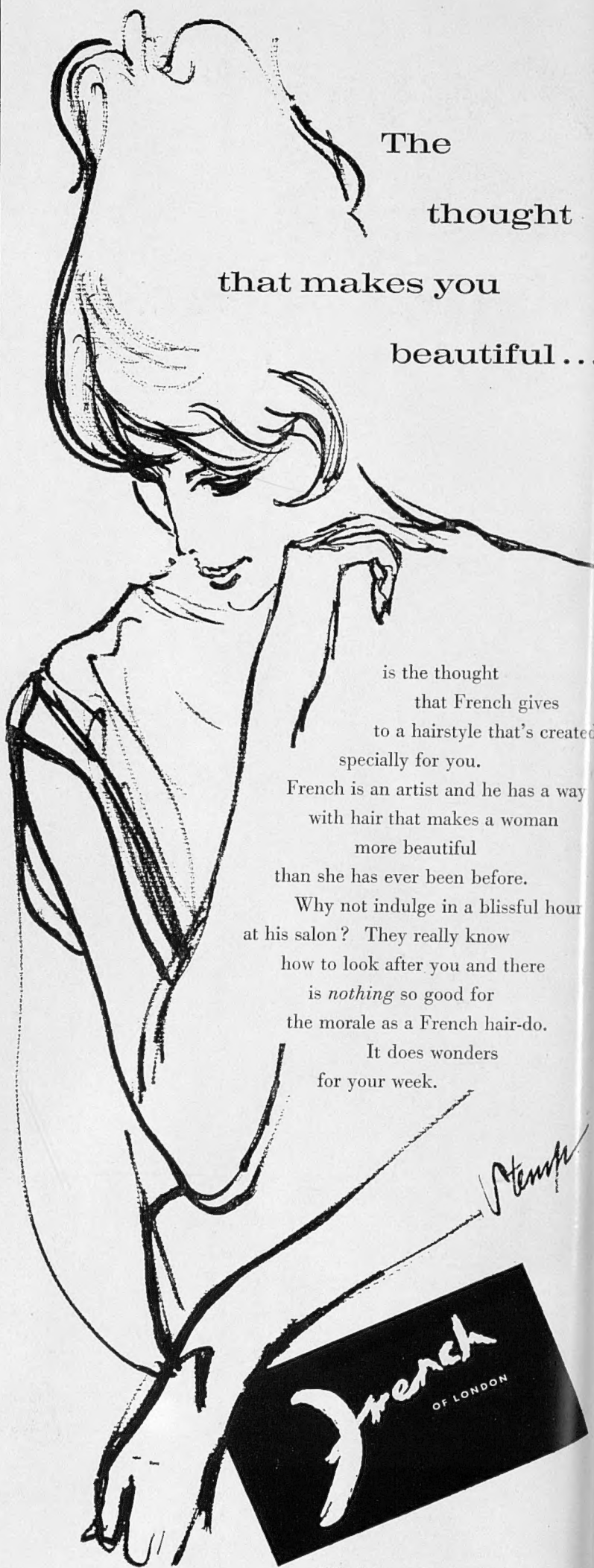
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXL Number 3110

5 APRIL 1961

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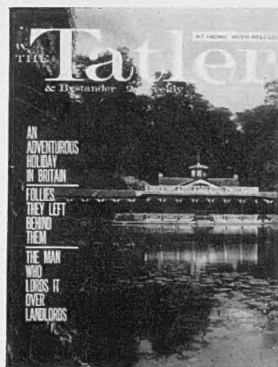
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SOMEWHERE DIFFERENT—SAME PLACE

THOUGH more and more thousands of people head for the Continent at holiday time, there are still plenty who sometimes like to stay in Britain for a change. This issue is mainly for them. Its starting-point is the belief that the more travelled the holidaymaker, the less he (or she) is likely to have seen of his own country. Yet, even allowing some weight to the view that one English town is much like another, it is possible to have a complete change of atmosphere and setting without leaving Britain—provided the thing is approached in a proper adventurous spirit. Some suggestions for *Exploring without boring* are outlined by Hazel Thurston (page 26 onwards). And in *At home with history* Keith Money photographs one of those English paradoxes, a National Trust house that is open to the public but remains privately occupied—by the Hon. Anthony & Mrs. Lyttelton (page 24). Other tastes of the variety of Britain are suggested by photographic reports of the Scottish Kandahar at Glencoe, the Grand Military meeting at Sandown, and a dance at the Pitt Club in Cambridge. . . .

During the past 12 months several articles have been contributed to The Tatler by a young writer called Mark Bence-Jones, who seems to be developing his own corner in sardonic social observation. Having lately shown a keen grasp of flat life in London, this week he shows a no less confident touch in the countryside. The explanation of his latest exploration of social realities, *The man who lords it over landlords* (page 20), may be that he once studied at Cirencester's Royal Agricultural College. He is now working on a novel, in between writing papers on his other enthusiasm, Georgian architecture. . . .

The cover:



Harking back to the point argued above, everybody knows about Woburn and hears about it, but whoever goes there? They are put off by fears of the Duke of Bedford's trippers; so they miss a sight like the Chinese Dairy, photographed here by A. F. KERSTING. This is one of those extraordinary structures that English taste ran to when it had plenty of money. For more of The follies they left behind them, turn to the article by Ronald Blythe on page 13 & onwards. . . .

Next week: The London Season number. . . .

SOCIAL

Point-to-points: (tomorrow) Woodland Pytchley at Dingley; (Saturday) Avon Vale at Monkton Farleigh, Belvoir at Garthorpe, Chiddingfold & Leconfield at Tismans, Dunston Harriers at Hethersett, East Devon at Clyst St. Mary, Eglinton at Tarbolton, Essex Union at Hatfield Broad Oak, Holderness at Dalton Park, North Warwickshire at Alcester, South Dorset at Wareham, South Herefordshire at Belmont, Tickham at Lynsted, Tredegar Farmers at Bassaleg, Whaddon Chase at Great Horwood, Zealand at Marwood; (11 April) Heythrop at Stow-on-the-Wold; (12 April) Exmoor at Bratton Down, Modbury Harriers at Wrangaton, Percy, W. Percy & Milvain at Ratcheugh, W. Somerset Vale at Nedge.

London Ball, Royal Commonwealth Society, 8 April, in aid of the U.N.A. Congo Relief Fund. (Tickets: Joint Hon. Secretaries, 8 Elliott Rd., Hendon, N.W.4.)

Athenian Ball, Savoy, 19 April, in aid of the Scholarship Fund of Athens College.

Old Wykehamists Dance, Hyde Park Hotel, 19 April, in aid of Winchester College Appeal Fund. (Tickets: 3 gns. double, from Mr. M. W. Parkinson, Fearon's, Winchester.)

Golden Jubilee Rose Ball, Grosvenor House, 26 April. (Tickets: £3 each, including dinner, from Mrs. Edward Day, Alexandra Day Organizer, 33 The Little Boltons, S.W.10. FRE 6646.)

Geranium Dance for young people, Café Royal, 26 April, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. (Tickets: 2 gns. each, including supper, from Mrs. Vera Biggs, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1. AMB 0191.)

Débutante Dress Show, Berkeley Hotel, 24 & 25 April, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. (Tickets: £2 2s. from Miss Elizabeth Ellis, Central London Organizer N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. GER 2774.)

R.A.F. Anniversary Concert, Royal

GOING PLACES

Festival Hall, 26 April, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. (Tickets: 5s. to 42s., usual agents, also Appeals Secretary, R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, 67 Portland Place, W.1. LAN 8343.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Hurst Park, today & tomorrow; Catterick Bridge, Windsor, 7, 8; Leicester, Ayr, 8 & 10; Alexandra Park, 10; Newmarket, 11-13; Manchester, 12, 13.

Steeplechasing: Stratford-on-Avon, 6; Bangor, 7, 8; Buckfastleigh, Rothbury, 8; Ayr, 8 & 10; Cheltenham, 12, 13.

HOCKEY & SKI-ING

England v. Scotland, Hurlingham Park, 8 April.

Weekend Junior Ski-ing Championship, Glencoe, Argyllshire, 8, 9 April.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Dances Concertantes*, *The Invitation*, *Pineapple Poll*, tonight; *Giselle*, 6 & 12 April; *Le Baiser de la Fée*, *Les Patineurs*, *Antigone*, 7 April; *The Sleeping Beauty* (matinée 2.15 p.m. also), 8 April; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 7.30 p.m., 10 April; *Ondine*, 11 April. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Music On Sundays, Mermaid Theatre. *Epitaphion* (Stravinsky) first public performance in England, also *Take A Life* (Sebastian Shaw & Humphrey Searle). 7.30 p.m., 9 April. (crr 7656.)

"Musical Spring In Lakeland." Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, with Sena Jurinac, 9, 10 April; John Betjeman lecture, 13 April; Recitals by Gerard Souzay, 15, 16 April. Rosehill Arts Theatre, nr. Whitehaven, Cumberland.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Tosca*, tonight; *The Cunning Little Vixen*, 6, 7 April; *Die Fledermaus*, 8 April; *Merrie England*, 11 April; *Madam Butterfly*, 12 April. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. London Symphony Orchestra in the *Grande Messe Des Morts* (Berlioz), 8 p.m., 7 April; Mattiwilda Dobbs, 3 p.m., 9 April; James Robertson Justice reading, 7 p.m., 9 April. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Sir Edwin Landseer, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 14 May. (Robert Wraight writes on page 44.)

Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours Exhibition, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, W.1, to 29 April.

Korean Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 7 May.

EXHIBITIONS

Model Railway Exhibition, Central Hall, Westminster, to 8 April.

Weekend living. Ideas for furnishing a country cottage. Design Centre, Haymarket, to 8 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre. The Wakefield Mystery Plays, tonight.

Theatre Royal, Windsor. *Half Seas Over*, 6 April.

Comedy Theatre. *The Tenth Man*, 13 April.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 40.

The Lady From The Sea. "... I recall only two revivals. Each gave me the impression that Ibsen had got hold of a story he found intractable. This is an impression that Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's production beautifully corrects ... the diverse elements are brought into a most

satisfying unity." Margaret Leighton, Andrew Cruickshank, John Neville. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

The Devils. "... Mr. Whiting makes a bold attempt on the big, fine play he should some day write ... produced with imaginative expertness ... many similarities to *St. Joan*." Dorothy Tutin, Richard Johnson. (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404.)

Settled Out Of Court. "... pleasingly fantastic idea ... flatness of the middle act is disappointing ... the most amusing part is the setting of the informal trial." Nigel Patrick, Charles Heslop, Maxine Audley, Eric Pohlmann. (Strand Theatre, TEM 2660.)

Billy Liar. "... for all its shortcomings, the most complete study of a daydreamer that the stage has ever given us ... extremely well acted." Albert Finney, George Cooper, Mona Washbourne, Ann Beach. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 41.

G.R. = General release

Search For Paradise. "... it says much for the extravagant beauty of Cinerama's newest super-travelogue that not even Mr. Lowell Thomas's leaden commentary and the crushing banality of the accompanying songs could spoil it for me." (London Casino, GER 6877.)

The Rebel. "... gives the star's highly individual comic genius plenty of scope ... consistently a joy to behold." Tony Hancock, George Sanders, Irene Handl. *G.R.*

The Young Have No Morals. "... Students of 'pick up' technique may find the film rewarding. I didn't. There's too much casual cruelty in it." (Compton, GER 1522-3.)

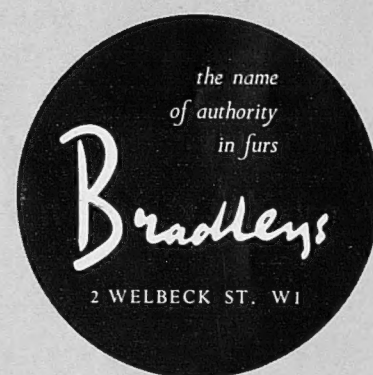
Swiss Family Robinson. "... here's a picture that will delight the young and can be relied upon not to bore their elders." John Mills, Dorothy McGuire. *G.R.*

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES LATE

The thoughts that count

Douglas Sutherland

CLUBS WITH IDEAS DO THE BEST business. That's a maxim well understood by Helene Cordet among club owners. I looked in the other night at her late night spot at 6 Hamilton Place and found the patrons enjoying two specialities of the house—one an import, the other a revival. The first, of course, is West Indian Limbo dancing. The bass drummer of the steel band there gave a demonstration of the Limbo in which a bamboo pole is gradually lowered over the dancer until his body is bent back impossibly from the knees with his head almost touching the floor. Incredibly the drummer kept dancing until the pole was a scant eight inches from the floor. Second attraction *chez Helene Cordet* is the backgammon board set up in the bar. Backgammon has been played for years at places like Boodles, White's and the St. James's Club, in fact it's one of the oldest games in the world. But it's not the sort of pastime you expect to find in a late night club. Just the same it seems due for a come-back in a big way and a friend of mine trying to buy a board found three well-known West End stores out of stock due to the suddenly increased demand. But be warned!

Though the game has many of the characteristics of ludo it requires considerable skill and the difference between a good player and a bad one can be distressingly expensive.

Another club with a difference is the Pathfinders in Mount Street, almost opposite the Connaught Hotel, a small place with a big reputation among flying men. The club had its origins in the Pathfinders' Association founded in the last year of the war by Wing-Commander McGowan, then senior medical officer to the group and one of the two M.O.'s in the R.A.F. to win the D.F.C. Formation of a members' club came as a natural extension of the association's activities in finding positions for ex-Pathfinders and advising on problems of demobilisation. The passing of the years has done little to abate the enthusiastic support it received at the outset. Membership is now open to anyone who has served or is serving in the R.A.F. though control remains in the hands of the council of the association who devote all profits to the welfare of their members.

President of the council is Group Captain T. G. "Hamish" Mahaddie and the vice-presidents are G. A.

Thorne and L. G. (Johnnie) Johnson. With three D.S.O.s between them along with other awards for gallantry they are probably the most highly decorated triumvirate to head any club committee in London. The patron of the club is Air Vice-Marshal D. G. G. Bennett and the secretary Miss E. Kirby, but as a former army body myself I am glad to see that six foot two inches of ex-Corporal Major of the Blues in the person of Jack Beasley looks after the day-to-day running of the club. Facilities for members are considerable. They include special insurance benefits, legal and personal advice bureaux and a lively house magazine, all provided free. There is also a residential annexe where members and their wives can stay and a bar and restaurant where they can eat and drink cheaper than anywhere else in that part of London—set luncheon 5s. 6d., gin 1s. 10d. to quote two examples. Membership stands at a healthy figure but the committee is still anxious to attract young serving officers. There is a £3 subscription for London and 30s. for country members.

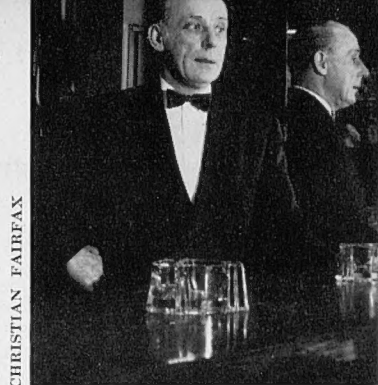
Cabaret calendar

Quaglin's (WHI 6767) *Viera, international singing star.*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051).

Colony (MAY 1657) *Susan Sorrell, vocalist.*

Embassy (HYD 5275) *Los Valldermosas, Spanish song and dance group with supporting bill.*



CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX

KNOW YOUR BARMAN—11. The Westbury Hotel: *Jimmy Hoey has been here since it opened six years ago. He estimates that more than 625,000 customers have been through the bar in that time, drinking over 40,000 dry martinis a year between them. Born a Scot, Jimmy has acquired the suggestion of an American accent—he worked at the U.S. Embassy for 14 years*

Society (REG 0565) *Tania Velia.*

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Betty Hutton. Tony Bennett opens 16 April.*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443) *Tessie O'Shea. Noel Harrison.*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Miko Mingo, Indian dancer.*

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Harriet and Evans & the Savoy Dancers.*

Winston's Club (REG 5411) *Winston's Merry-go-round with Danny La Rue. Sandra Caron and big cast.*

Astor (GRO 3181) *Sonny Teale & Co.*

Gargoyle (GER 6455) *The "great" Robenpi & supporting bill.*

GOING PLACES TO EAT

With a Latin accent

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays
W.B. = Wise to book a table

Le Provençal, 259 Fulham Road. (Below Queen's Elm crossroads.) FLA 9434. C.S. The number of good, exclusively French restaurants in London is remarkably small. This is one of them. Newly opened, *Monsieur le patron* Paul has set himself a high standard. Simply but pleasantly got up, his restaurant has among its specialities *coq au vin*, *pâté de canard*, and an admirable *Brochette des Fruits de Mer Nicoise*. Allow just over 20s. per head without wine and you will not be far out. W.B.

Paramount Grill, Irving Street, Leicester Square. (WHI 0744.) Open midday to midnight. This grill, one of the first of the many now so popular, opened in 1954 and has served consistently high quality meat ever since. You can have a king-size prime porterhouse steak

for 19s. or a T bone for 16s. Cuts of more ordinary but generous size are round about 12s. 6d. Allow about 30s. for a three-course meal. Wine is by the glass, carafe, or bottle, including a 1955 *Fleurie* at 23s. which pairs admirably with an Aberdeen-Angus steak. Service, like the coffee, is good. W.B.

The Cumberland, Marble Arch, W.1. (AMB 1234.) "I've got to take the children shopping in Oxford Street. Where can I take them to eat?" Thus ran the letter. My answer was the restaurant in this hotel. It is large—children get bored in small restaurants—busy, and full of life. The menu is wide, the courses generous, and the quality good. So are the prices. All this, plus a string orchestra at lunchtime and dinner. W.B.

The Chariot Wheel, Bromley, Kent. (RAV 9991.) C.S. It would take a column to describe fully this remark-

able rooftop restaurant with its splendid view. The best advice I can give is to go and see it for yourself. There are umpteen trains from Victoria to Bromley South. The Chariot Wheel is exactly 90 seconds walk from the station, in Ringers Road on top of Harrison Gibsons' store. The journey takes 17 minutes in a fast train, no parking problems. Grillroom, which opens at 11 a.m., and restaurant are open to 11 p.m. W.B.

The Ox On The Roof, 353 King's Road, Chelsea. (FLA 8947.) I believe this is the only restaurant in London offering genuine Indonesian cooking—and jolly good, too. The experts from Amsterdam would find no cause for complaint. If this is a new field of adventure to you, follow the advice of the management with regard to dishes. Most Indonesian ones are cooked for two people, but the large menu covers the world from France to Japan. Allow about 20s. per head without drinks. There is good Munich beer to match the Eastern dishes, also *saki*. W.B.

A motel in Burgos

Spain is not a gastronomic paradise, but it is a country with charming

people, fine scenery, beautiful buildings, and first-class hotels, generally with low prices. In this and subsequent weeks I shall set down some suggestions for a journey through Spain.

Crossing the frontier at St. Jean de Luz early in the day, the motel on the north side of Burgos makes a good midday stop. The food is adequate, the garden lovely and there is a swimming pool. Just over 200 miles from the frontier is the state-owned *albuerge*—at Aranda del Duero. It is a first-class first night stop. A double room with bathroom costs about 25s., but you must book well in advance. And don't expect to get dinner before 9.30 p.m.

Railway country

This busy town is a better stopping place than many realize, and the map shows why. The Goddard Arms is one of the hotels to which the A.A. gives a rosette, indicating above-the-average food. It deserves it, and the recently redecorated dining-room adds to its enjoyment. One can stay comfortably also at the Great Western Hotel, just outside the station. The breakfast is excellent.



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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Getting a lift half-way

Doone Beal

THE DIFFERENCE IN COST BETWEEN driving your own car direct from one of the Channel ports deep into the resort areas of France, Italy or Spain and of putting it instead on a train is almost immaterial, if you consider the meals, hotel bills and running costs *en route*. What counts is the saving of time and energy in getting one of the half-way lifts, as for example to Biarritz, Avignon, Lyons, Milan or Munich.

The lifts within France (Boulogne/Lyons, Paris/Avignon, or Paris/Biarritz) are much better value than those in Italy and Germany because French Railways offer a flat rate of £35 return for a car under 14 ft. 6 in.; this includes also the fare and couchette for two passengers. Biarritz is a wonderful base for either the northern coast of Spain, the little mountain republic of Andorra or the country around Bordeaux and the Dordogne. Avignon lands you in the heart of the Van Gogh country around Nîmes and Arles, and the glorious salty marshes of the Camargue. There are old walled towns and the delightful canal-laced city of Sète, plus a little south western riviera—cheaper even now and less tourist-trodden than the proper one—of which Cassis is the centre, with Marseilles, and the fantastic

cubist landscape (plus three-star restaurant) of Les Baux.

Starting this summer is a train service linking Paris with Milan, to complement the one already existing between Ostend and Milan. The present service costs £31 13s. return for a car under 14 ft. 6 in., plus £18 12s. for each first class return, £12 14s. second. Leaving Ostend at 5.30 p.m., and arriving in Milan at 10.00 the following morning, a night's sleep is involved which, in a couchette (though perhaps in a compartment for six) seems reasonable at £1 10s. return, while a first-class sleeper for two seems plain exorbitant at £24 8s., defeating the whole object of saving on hotel bills. Even the compromise of second-class sleeper return of £9 13s. each in a three-berth compartment is, in my opinion, steep. The Paris/Milan service, though a similar mileage, is quite a bit cheaper at £23 for the car, £14 5s. for the passengers and £9 6s. the sleeper, all first-class return fares. But then, you must consider the not riotously attractive drive to Paris and probably the need to spend the night there.

In any event, Milan is a useful base. An autostrada links it with Como and the heart of the Italian and Swiss Lakes. The autostrada

also extends south to a point just short of Genoa, for the Rapallo and Portofino area. Equally, it is not far from Brescia, for Lake Gara. A word of advice, by the way, about Milan itself; either get out of it as fast as possible, or else settle down for at least 24 hours there. It is a city of skyscrapers, motor horns, and unimaginable traffic jams. Not to be seen in a hurry, and above all not in your own car—that is far better left in the hotel garage. Leonardo's *Last Supper* is in the Santa Maria delle Grazie, not in the Cathedral as many people imagine, but see the Cathedral too (and take the lift up to the top of the tower for a spectacular view). The Pinacoteca contains one of Italy's greatest collections of art. There are excellent shops, and some splendid expense-account restaurants, notably Gianino's and the Barea D'Oro.

Another car/train ferry connects Milan with Brindisi and the Corfu and Patras ferry. Thus one can reach the Greek mainland in about three and a half days, complete with car, having scarcely set foot on the gears. The return cost, first class without sleepers, would work out at about £75 for the car and £47 for each passenger. Yet two nights *en route* are involved, and if a couchette won't do, it seems worth thinking instead of flying to Athens for £84 12s. and hiring a car on the spot: Hertz rent a Fiat 600 for about £1 a day, plus mileage, or only 17s. on a weekly basis.

With the exception of the Boulogne/Lyons service, which has

already started, and the Ostend/Milan, which begins on 3 June, the rest operate between the end of June and the end of September. Silver City and the Channel Air Bridge continue a year-round service to the Channel ports, with an increase in rates between July 1 and mid-September.

Finally, getting your lift half-way by sea—which sets you up rather better for the holiday than hours spent in a train. I once did the journey with the car to Lisbon (three days at sea), then motored inland and down to Seville. Royal Mail charge a flat rate of £23, single fare, for the car including landing dues. The minimum first-class passenger rate is £34. On checking with them, I was told that car accommodation was no problem but that it was often tight for passengers since Lisbon is only the second port of call and their ships go on to South America; so make your reservations in good time.

One brief note: both Shell and BP produce not only excellent route maps, but also useful little phrase books in six languages that cover the most intimate interstices of a car and all that can go wrong with one, plus the usual drill for porters, restaurants and so on. Apply direct to Shell-Mex House, Strand. And British Railways have a helpful information bureau for all the Continental car ferries, telephone Sloane 3440.

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THE TATLER 5 APRIL 1961

FOLLIES THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

by Ronald Blythe

There they stand, as carefully dilapidated as the day they were put up, their gimcrack Gothic deceiving generations of owls. . . . As status symbols the follies were the private swimming-pools of their day. In an austerer age their very ostentation now makes an appeal

Follies have more to do with literature and gardening than with architecture, and are therefore closely connected with certain obsessional traits in the English character. A diminution of this national madness can be seen any fine weekend in the home counties, where every able male is to be found moiling behind a mower and every female worth her raffia is to be seen urging the roses on. To admit an ignorance of, or an antipathy to, gardening in England is plain social suicide. Guests will

remember the perfection of your digitalis when the errors of your plumbing have become as hazy in their minds as last week's newsprint. So lift up your hearts.

And if gardening means all this now, how much more it must have meant in 1770, when there was no planner to prevent one moving a mountain, if one had a mind to, and when one could pipe-dream in the park and deck out the distance with grottoes, Chinese pavilions, cascades, chocolate lodges, ha-ha's, eye-catchers,

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

The forbidding Cobham's Folly in Buckingham market place is named after the Viscount Cobham, whose family built it in 1784 for use as a rent-collecting office (with combined jail for defaulters)

PHOTOGRAPHS: REECE WINSTONE



FOLLIES THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

CONTINUED



Two of four towers at Yeovil built by a local squire in 1830 on his boundaries, perhaps to provide employment during a depression



cottages ornées and—as though all these other fantasies were utility itself—follies.

The creation of the folly marked the pinnacle of enjoyment in many a landscaped park. One feels it still. Few of the follies I have seen could have taken much more than a month to erect and by every natural law of weather and time they should all have collapsed into genuine ruination by now. Yet they haven't. There they stand, as carefully dilapidated as the day they were put up, glowering with artful surprise among the hornbeams, their gimerack Gothic deceiving generations of owls, their bogus transepts taking in the most venerable ivy and their flintwork preserving the wilful Lear-like dottiness of some Georgian baronet at the moment when he found the Age of Reason temporarily unendurable.

Guilt, too, I fancy, had something to do with the fashion for follies. For hadn't the baronet razed his spooky medieval-cum-Tudor warren so that he could replace it with a fine new Adam mansion? So this brand-new, bat-ridden ruin, tactfully and tastefully built where it could be more easily glimpsed than examined, could in fact act as a filial reminder of that rugged ancestor who had grabbed a decent monastery at the Dissolution, and so founded the family fortunes.

The folly can take the form of an obelisk, tower, a cave, a column or an entire sham castle, such as the one built by Sanderson Miller for Ralph Allen at Bath. Sham castles were great favourites in the folly trade and fine ones can be found all over the place. Their toy-fort arrangement defies all the known laws

of stresses and strains, and Horace Walpole was more witty than truthful when he said he had outlived six sets of battlements. Sham castles have a sophisticated way of exposing the essential childishness of real castles, but sham oratories are a very different matter. The majority of follies were designed as ecclesiastical ruins and, false and unhallowed though they are, they still exude a powerful literary kind of sanctity which is just as silencing in its way as the real thing.

Of course the psychologists aren't going to let the Georgians get away with their garden pranks, so we must endure being told that the Reverend John Bull built Pentlow Tower to celebrate his father's fertility, rather than to perpetuate his memory, and that Sir Francis Dashwood dug out all those Hell-fire caves at West Wycombe in a strenuous attempt to return to the womb. Certainly follies are closely connected with the neurotic impulse, but so are the Houses of Parliament if it comes to that.

The most delightful follies near to me—if one excludes my own home, which is called a folly by the locals, though I personally don't see it—are the famous Tattingstone Wonder and the meticulously wrecked lodges to Rendlesham Hall. The Tattingstone Wonder was built by Squire White who, with typically subtle Suffolk wit, said that as people so often wondered at nothing, he would give them something to wonder at. The Wonder takes the form of a three-sided church whose nave is crowded with cottages. The Rendlesham lodges, built towards the close of the Folly Age in 1820, have had their prodigious affectation accentuated in

View-improver at Steeple Ashton. William Kent devised it to be seen from the windows of Rousham Manor, a mile away





recent years by an enormous American aerodrome. Not even Beckford could have imagined so poetically bizarre a sight as the serene artificiality of these false chantries casting their pointed shadows in Coca-cola land.

Every folly holds in its gloomy heart a certain kind of topsy-turvy logic—a logic which was to find its literary expression in the work of Lewis Carroll, Lear and Firbank. Follies abound—in parks and gardens, in country churchyards and in Highgate Cemetery, in secret corners of London and on hundreds of hilltops. But never, it seems, in the New Towns, in the palatial concrete and glass office blocks, or in the sanitary corporation pleasure-grounds, where lobelia arabesques cunningly reproduce the municipal motto. Seriously minded folk, however, will have heard the wind of change soughing through their bits of garden Gothic and will welcome the returning respect of pundit and pupil alike for this highly romantic architecture.

The pleasures of architecture are being perilously over-analysed these days. A little Pevsner is a dangerous thing, and it is not agreeable to hear the most intimate details of semicircular tympana explained by every Tom, Dick and Harry who have paid their half-crown entrance fee to the latest National Trust property. Mercifully, follies are a kind of architectural opium which after the first fatuous remarks—"Gothic revival, of course . . ."—lull even the most loquacious sightseer into an inarticulate and sensual dream. To quote Walpole again, it is charming to totter into vogue. And this is exactly what the folly has done during the last few years.

Beckford's Tower, Bath, built in 1837, has become so cherished that a public subscription was raised to save it from demolition



Guests of the London University Wine & Food Society at the Cheshire Cheese: Miss Ingrid von Grebmer-Wolfsturn, and Mr. J. A. Beard



M. Jean Calvet, a French wine grower, smoking a clay pipe watched by the Hon. Lady Eccles, whose husband was guest of honour



Miss Barbara Ivens, a deb, and Mr. David Evans. Below: Sir David Eccles & Mr. Jonathan Bodlender, retiring president of the club



PHILIP TOWNSEND

Muriel Bowen's social notes

Looking through the list of marriages to take place this year I find that 1961 will be remembered as not only the year of the **Duke of Kent's** wedding but as the year of weddings. There is going to be a glut of them. For example on 1 June the **Earl of Kinnoull** marries Miss **Gay Lowson**, daughter of **Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson** at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, with a reception afterwards at Claridge's. "I was determined to have the ceremony at Holy Trinity because it's the loveliest church in London on a summer's day—much more countryfied than any of the others," Miss Lowson told me. She will have six grown-up bridesmaids and one small one to be paired with a page.

Lord Kinnoull has a place in Scotland but he is with a land agent's firm at Oxford; he and his fiancée are looking for a house about 15 miles on the London side of Oxford.

The **Hon. Tim Jessel**, son and heir of **Lord Jessel**, will marry Miss **Janet Smith** on 8 June at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with a reception afterwards at Claridge's. The date was fixed months ago and they're not going to change it. "I don't think it will mean losing more than a few friends, having it on the same day as the Duke of Kent's," Mr. Jessel told me. It will be the fourth wedding within 12 months in his family. Miss Smith, who came out last year, will keep up her ballet-dancing part-time after marriage. They will live in London, where Mr. Jessel is an advertising executive, and they're looking for a house—if possible in Chelsea.

The **Duke of Bedford's** son, the **Marquess of Tavistock**, will marry Miss **Henrietta Tiarks** on 20 June at St. Clement Dane's, with a reception at Claridge's. Afterwards they will go to the United States while he continues his studies at Harvard. Another June bride is Miss **Miranda Doughty-Tichborne** who will marry in the family chapel at Tichborne Park on the 10th. Her fiancé, **Mr. Christopher Motley**, like Mr. Jessel, is an advertising executive. They will live in Shropshire where he will later manage Wenlock Abbey, the Motley family estate.

The end of Lent always means a profusion of April brides and among them this year is Miss **Ann Shafto**, pretty elfin daughter of **Countess Howe**. She marries **Mr. Brian Peppiatt** of the banking family on the 27th. The ceremony will be at St. Margaret's, Westminster; the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. "My other daughter's wedding taught me that you really need to start organizing ages in advance, and I have done that this time," Lady Howe told me. (Her daughter Susan married just a year ago.)

On 22 April **Viscount Glentworth** will walk down the aisle with Miss **Sylvia Lush**, daughter of **Brigadier & Mrs. Maurice Lush**. Just relatives and close friends will go to the church ceremony and afterwards to the reception at the bride's home at Balcombe, Sussex. Lord Glentworth tells me that his fiancée will keep on her job at the Foreign Office after her marriage. She does research.

Miss **Caroline Grantham**, daughter of **Adm. Sir Guy Grantham**, Governor of Malta, & **Lady Grantham**, will be a bride on her 21st birthday. "Just an accident," she tells me. "It happened to be the most convenient day for everybody." She will marry **Mr. Richard Nevill** of the Royal Fusiliers, at St. Mary's, Liss, on Saturday next. Afterwards there will be a reception in a marquee at the Grantham home. Mr. Nevill is stationed at Colchester and he has taken a cottage in an Essex village to which they will return from their honeymoon. Also marrying on Saturday is Miss **June Shepherd-Cross**, whose fiancé is **Capt. Patrick Hodson** of the Rifle Brigade. They will be in Germany for the next four months and then, possibly, in Cyprus. The ceremony at All Saints', Hovingham, will be followed by a reception at her home, The Old Rectory, Brandsby. **Sir William & Lady Worsley** and their daughter **Katharine** will be there and, possibly, the Duke of Kent. Incidentally the only four-star hotel in York is already booked out for the eve of the Duke's wedding.

VINTAGE DEMOCRACY

When I dined with members of the Wine & Food Society of the University of London I was surprised to hear of its origin: the London School of Economics. If the leaders of the world were to get together over a good bottle of claret . . . the world we live in would be a much better place.

Mr. Jonathan Bodlender, the outgoing president, who is studying there to be a chartered accountant, founded the society three years ago.

The dinner was in the dimly-lit vaults of an old Fleet Street tavern, the Cheshire Cheese, and there was obvious pride on the young faces of the founding fathers at the presence of the Minister of Education, **Sir David Eccles & the Hon. Lady Eccles**. "Your invitation arrived," he said, "just as I was considering the level of university student awards. My Permanent Secretary said that I should come along, that this gathering might provide an interesting piece of evidence."

Over mulled claret earnest young men told me how membership of 20 in 1958 had grown to 150 today; one-third of these being women. **Mr. David Lethbridge**, a vice-president, who is studying to be a chartered accountant, said: "It took college authorities quite a time to get used to the idea of wine tastings, but now we're allowed rooms in colleges."

RACING: SIGNS OF CHANGE?

When I drove down to Sandown Park for the Grand Military (*pictures overleaf*) I found not only a free car park but free programmes. This was indeed the wind of change in British racing and I asked **Sir Kenneth Gibson, Bt.**, about it. He is Sandown's Clerk of the Course. "We wanted to let our racegoers off a bit lighter," he told me. "Trouble is that some people use the

free parks as a handy place to put their car while they do the family shopping in Esher."

Ascot, too, is to have its changes this year. Royal Enclosure badges for those under 25 will now cost £5 instead of £10. This is for men—for ladies it remains £7. This change is because the number of people under the age of 30 to be seen on our racecourses today is pretty small. They have become more interested in what Americans call "active sports"—riding,

sailing, shooting, and driving fast cars. To them racing as a way of spending an afternoon has points in common with county cricket. So the **Duke of Norfolk's** reduction of the price of badges is coming just at the right time. It's also substantial enough to lead to benefits for the Ascot exchequer.

To get back to Sandown, the big winner of the meeting was **Capt. Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt.**, who carried off the Grand Military Gold Cup for the second time. "It was his last time to ride in the race, as he leaves the army shortly," Lady Nuttall (the former Caroline York) told me. He's planning an agricultural course of about two years, and afterwards he'll take over the running of Lowesby, the family's magnificent place in Leicestershire, living either there or nearby.

Another much-cheered military win was that of **Mr. Philip Arkwright** of the Royals on his own horse, *Jack's the Boy*, in the Past & Present Handicap 'Chase. In a way it was a double celebration as Mrs. Arkwright had a baby son, their first child, two days before. *Jack's the Boy* was a gift horse—from an uncle.

Pouding, her only horse, made it five wins in a row for the **Hon. Mrs. Henry Cubitt**, whose husband is Prince Rainier's new Consul-General in London. "I'm terribly superstitious and whenever he runs I wear a ruby ring given me by my husband," she told me. "I'm certain it brings me luck." Mrs. Cubitt is the former Ghislaine Alexander who was such a success on *What's My Line?* a few years ago.

Others racing: **Col. P. B. Fielden** who commands the Royals and who is on a visit from his regiment which is in Malaya, **Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy Senior** (she told me she was looking forward to a couple of more days with the *Cottesmore* before the close of the season), **Mr. & Mrs. Gay Kindersley**, **Miss Doreen Roy**, and **Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson**.



Guests crowding the buffet. The dance was given for four girls at the Pitt Club, Cambridge

A PITT CLUB PARTY

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



Miss Caroline Sedgwick Rough (the fourth of the girls sharing the party) and Miss Gillian Steele-Perkins



Mrs. G. T. Hurrell, her daughter Martha, Miss Victoria Evans, Mrs. W. G. Sedgwick Rough, daughter Wendy. Third hostess was Miss Evans's mother, Mrs. Brian Davis



Miss Harriott Bradford with Mr. Michael Spens, Miss Sue Coriat & Mr. Mark Heathcote



ROYAL DAY AT SANDOWN

Making her first visit to a race meeting since the return from the Royal Tour of India & Pakistan, the Queen watched the Grand

Military Gold Cup race at Sandown Park and afterwards presented the trophy to the winner, Captain Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt.



Miss Patricia Rawlings



Miss Aurea Battiscombe



The Queen and the Queen Mother looked over the horses in the paddock before the Gold Cup race

The Earl of Rosebery, patron of the meeting

The Duke & Duchess of Gloucester



After the presentation: the Queen with Capt. Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt., Mr. John Profumo (left), Secretary of State for War, and Field Marshal Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff

The man who lords it

As anyone who knows the countryside will tell you, "*God bless the Squire and his relations, And keep us in our proper stations*" is outdated stuff. The contemporary version should be something like: "*God grant the Agent abundant grace, To keep the landowners in their place.*" For today it is the Land Agents who are the county élite. As landowners get poorer, Agents get more important. And because fewer and fewer people can afford an Agent to themselves, so one Agent takes on two, three and then many estates. In the end, a county may consist of a duke, an earl, three lesser peers, two baronets, several squires and only one Agent—who is a very grand person indeed.

I can see all the Agents I know rearing up and saying that the profession is overcrowded and that there's no money in it anyhow. This is true. It's all or nothing; Land Agents are either totally unemployed and have to give it up and go into the City (and Throgmorton Street is paved with failed Land Agents—I see at least one of them almost every time I go in the Tube); or else they get established and popular and fairly rake in the estates. This won't make them rich, but it will make them *appear* rich—which, after all, is the next best thing. The Agent gets a free house, a free car, free hay for his hunter, many free meals and a moderate salary. The moderate salary means that most people who become agents have some sort of private income to start with, and the two together make him very comfortable.

Besides, the prestige of a successful Agent is immense. It amounts, in fact, to the combined prestige of all the people he works for; the prestige of the Duke and the Earl and the lesser landowners put together. All this without the responsibility of owning land. If you want anything out of the Duke, you will have to be nice to the Agent. The Agent is dined and wined and introduced to people as "The Duke's Agent" with so great a reflected glory that he almost sprouts strawberry leaves himself.

The Agent is in on everything. When Royalty come to stay with the Duke, they give the Agent a signed photograph; when they come to stay with the Earl, they also give the Agent a signed photograph. So the Agent ends up with more signed photographs of Royalty than any landowner. When there is a charity dress show at the Castle, it is the Agent who looks after the models. When the Earl opens his house to the public and gets a film star down as an attraction, it is the Agent who entertains her. And, of course, whenever a spare man is needed, for a dinner party, house party or as an extra gun, it is the Agent who gets asked.

It might seem that an Agent plays second fiddle to the

landowner. The fact is that a good Agent is not working for the Duke, the Earl or the Squire but for an impersonal thing called The Estate. When Lord Fullacres complains that there are not enough pheasants, or that the lawns are not properly mown, the Agent replies: "*Really, Lord Fullacres, you should think of The Estate. We're much too busy with our field drainage scheme to waste time on things like that.*" When the Duke wants a new bathroom, the Agent reminds him of all the new bathrooms being put into His Grace's labourers' cottages; so that The Estate can't possibly afford a new one in the Castle. When Sir Jasper finds that he is somehow richer than he expected and thinks of making a trip to the West Indies, the Agent tells him that the apparent windfall must be "ploughed back" into The Estate; in fact it is already earmarked for new fencing.

I know an Agent who was extremely cross with the noble lord for daring to fill his car with petrol from The Estate Pump. And it doesn't do to make an Agent cross. If one of his employers gives too much trouble, the Agent can get rid of him altogether. "*We need all the money we've got for The Estate,*" the Agent says. "*We can't possibly afford to keep up this vast house.*" The Trustees, always staunch allies of the Agent, back him up. And so poor Lord Fullacres is made to leave the home of his ancestors. The Agent holds a brilliantly successful sale of the contents of Fullacres Hall, so that Lord Fullacres will never be able to move back in again; and, with the approval of the Trustees, the proceeds are invested in putting up new milking parlours.

Then, Fullacres Hall is let to a school; the garden is let to a market gardener; the shooting is let to a syndicate from Birmingham; every penny of income is *ploughed back into The Estate*: farm roads are resurfaced, hillsides are afforested, steadings are modernized. And Lord Fullacres goes to live in obscurity in a bungalow on the outskirts of the local seaside town. I know of a case where this actually happened. The County sang the Agent's praises. "*He's made Fullacres into the best-run estate this side of the Humber. You should see his milking parlours!*"

The Agent is able to assert his one-upmanship in less drastic ways. Free from the expense of owning land, he can afford a better tailor than even the Duke. The Agent is always the best-dressed man in the County; a Savile Row suit and suède shoes are *de rigueur* for him even when he is inspecting a dungstead. The employer may make a point of deliberately taking the Agent through the messier parts of his estate; but he will soon tire of it. For he, too, will get muddy; and mud always looks better on an expensive suit

over landlords

by MARK BENCE-JONES

than on a cheap one. The Agent often has a better car than his employers. Most Agents can afford to hunt. Mr. Thunderby, returning to Thunderby Park after commuting to the Stock Exchange, feels so small when the Agent tells him of the wonderful hunt he had that day.

The Agent rules his employers like a nanny, freely criticizing their habits to others. These are the sort of things I've heard Agents say. *"I saw Lord Fullacres today, he was looking incredibly scruffy."* . . . *"Sir Jasper is in London. He goes every Tuesday. Gambling, I don't doubt."* . . . *"I can't get Lord Lechmore to take any interest in the new cattle grids, he's much too busy with getting divorced again. Why he bothers to get married at all, I can't think."* . . . But whereas a child can complain to its mother about a tiresome nanny, the poor Duke has nobody he can complain to. He can sack the Agent, but what then? There is no other Agent for miles around (everybody else employs him) and the Duke can't afford to import a new Agent just for himself.

The only alternative to having to manage his own estate is to persuade all his neighbours to give up the Agent too. And this the Agent is able to prevent. The families of the Duke and the Earl have been rivals since the Civil War. By repeating to both what each says about the other, the Agent ensures that they are not on speaking terms. And even those families who do get on find it difficult to out-manoeuvre the Agent. For Sir Jasper and Mr. Thunderby to get together is rather like one battleship coming alongside another. A full-blown dinner party has to be arranged; and Mr. Thunderby hates dining out anyhow. Whereas the Agent is like a fast motor torpedo-boat. While his employers are making futile attempts to meet, he flits from one stately home to another, dropping in at all hours on business and knowing his way to the drink cupboard; scattering the seeds of discord among his employers' wives. Next to Trustees, wives are the Agent's best friends; it is important for him to be pleasant to them. But he must not go too far. I have known many a good Agent whose downfall has been wives and jealous husbands. The wise Agent only makes love to a woman if the Estate belongs to her. Then he may achieve the greatest success possible to an Agent: to marry one of his employers.

But this may be his undoing. If he continues to practise as a Squire-Agent (one might say "squagent," like squarson), well and good. But if he retires, he will soon find that as a landowner (if only by marriage), he will cease to have money to spare for luxuries. Worst of all, he will have to employ an Agent.

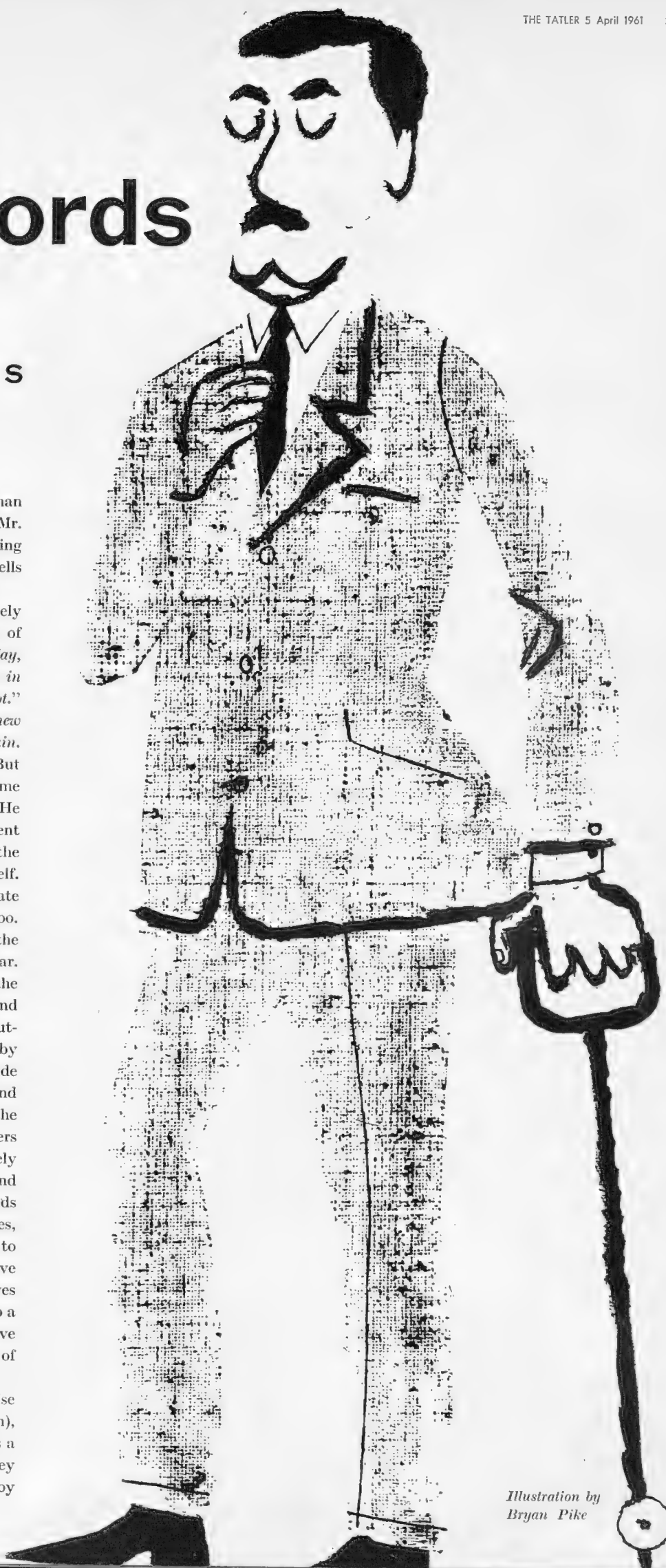


Illustration by
Bryan Pike



Miss Sheila Jamieson, 2nd in the Ladies' Race. Her sisters were 1st and 3rd



Mr. Ian McCormick, a medical student, and Olympic hope, was men's runner-up



Mr. Andy Scott and Mr. Harry Mackae, respectively this year's and last year's Scottish Champion

On the slopes above Glencoe!

PHOTOGRAPHS: ROGER HULL

Timekeepers Mr. Douglas Foulis and Mr. J. E. MacEwen



The climax of Scotland's burgeoning winter-sports season was celebrated with the Scottish Kandahar races on a hill called Meall a' Bhuiridh ("The roaring of the stags"). The course, a mile long, started at Haggis Trap and dropped 1,300 feet. Glencoe, with snow dependably from December to April, is Scotland's skiing centre



Mr. Robert Pender, secretary of the Scottish Ski Club. Opposite: The practice run, overlooking Glencoe and shadowed by Ben Nevis





The Hon. Antony & Mrs. Lyttelton belong to a new race of tenants. They live in a Tudor house near Basingstoke, let to them by the National Trust. Here, in an 18-roomed mansion, lavishly furnished and decorated in styles ranging from Elizabethan to Gothic revival, they are bringing up their three children, Laura, Thomas and Matthew. The house is The Vyne in Hampshire, one of the historic houses bequeathed to the Trust and let out "so that they can still be used as homes." There are special responsibilities, however. Mr. Lyttelton (Viscount Chandos' heir) has to supervise the public which, at agreed times, can inspect the house at 2s. 6d. a head. And this summer, four concerts are planned at The Vyne, two under the auspices of the National Trust Concerts Society. But who minds occasional visitors or concerts as the price of a large park, a spectacular lake, damask-hung rooms, a chapel and the privilege of being...

At home with history

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEITH MONEY

Mr. Lyttelton in the library, an 1830s refinement





Mrs. Lyttelton in the Chapel Parlour. The painting of Henry VIII, one of a Tudor series, was described in 1789 as "called Holbein, but very flat and inferior." The Stone Gallery (below), once an orangery, comes in useful for sheltering gardening tackle



The column and balusters of John Chute's "theatric" 1789 staircase cleverly fill an awkward space. Below: The Oak Gallery contains Chinese Chippendale sofas and chairs—but doesn't intimidate the Lyttelton children





The surprise element is half the fun of a holiday abroad—but you can get it in Britain too, if imagination is applied to the selection. Six schemes outlined here suggest that Britons staying in Britain may discover unexpected possibilities for . . .



EXPLOR

without boring

PLAN 1: *Exploring a river*

The Wye is ideal; it is beautiful throughout its course, easily reached by road and railway, and partially navigable. So it can be followed from source to mouth, an experience totally different from knowing a river by some of its stretches.

The source, high on the slopes of Plynlimon, is within walking distance of the main Aberystwyth road west of Llangurig. Oddly enough, the beginnings of the Severn are close, but the young rivers immediately rush away from each other and follow different courses until united far to the south in the Bristol Channel. Though Plynlimon is less craggy than many Welsh mountains, the source of the Wye cannot be discovered without a breathless uphill scramble. But no actual climbing is necessary. Heart and energy will be needed, but the expanding view will compensate. The high mountain bogs are emerald green, the water is noisy, curlew and plover abound, and with any luck the air will be balmy.

As soon as this first introduction to the Wye is made, the rest of the relationship is unstrained. Road and river run

together down a charming valley, past Rhayader at the outlet of the man-flooded Elan Valley, and on through attractive Builth Wells to where a succession of pools and rapids are overhung by greenery. After Hay and enchanting Hereford the main road leaves the river for a while, but it is possible to keep in touch along devious, meadow-bound ways.

Ross-on-Wye always reminds me of a woman with a dull nature but a tolerable profile, of whom the best view is from a distant angle—the river angle, luckily. But more exciting things are to come: Goodrich Castle, magnificent gorges, Symonds Yat, the edge of the Forest of Dean, and Monmouth. Steep luxuriant woods, Gothic crags and romantic keeps lie on either side until the valley spreads to reveal Tintern Abbey in roofless ecclesiastical glory.

Then comes Chepstow Castle set on a high platform of rock above the town which marks the meeting-place of the sister rivers, Severn and Wye, when they come together after their homely beginnings and mature estrangement. Both are lovely rivers, easy to compare but difficult to rate one above the other. Both flow through a wonderful variety of country and never far from market towns, cities, ancient border strongholds—and within reach all the way of good hotels for the leisured traveller.

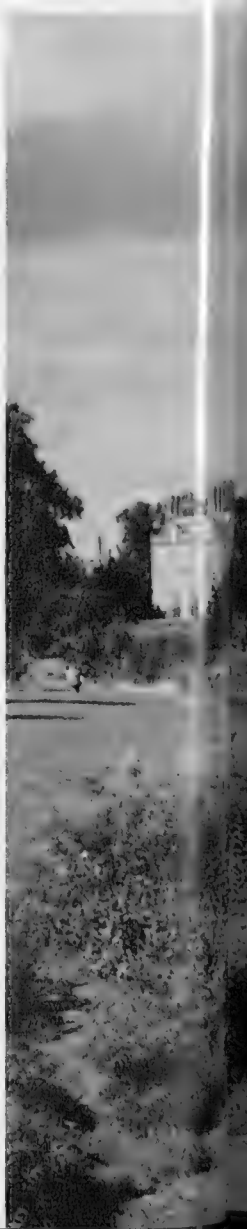
PLAN 2: *Exploring underwater*

As though in compensation for the crowding of our coasts during the summer, the seaside world has extended into another dimension. The excitement of free movement underwater—in various degrees of expertise ranging from the use of the Aqualung and harpoon to simple observation of the fascinating life beneath the surface—can be enjoyed by anybody with some proficiency in swimming.

The most rudimentary equipment—mask and snorkel—brings an immediate touch of magic, and the effect is as dramatic off our shores as in sunnier lands. At least I have



LULWORTH COVE: "the vast life under the surface," see Plan 2



HOLIDAYS IN BRITAIN

PHOTOGRAPHS:

J. ALLAN CASH

BY HAZEL
THURSTON

N G

found it so in Greece, Israel and Cornwall. The ribs of sand, the fissures in underwater rock, the movement of weed, the busyness of fish and the whole vast life under the surface confer immense relaxation and immunity from the stresses of terra firma.

This sort of holiday can be progressive, leading to deep skin-diving, to harpoon exploits, and to submarine exploration of wrecked ships. It has techniques and specialized interests which grow from the initial delights. For obvious reasons, scenic coasts make for scenic marine formations. In England, the west is best. Try Lulworth Cove, Weymouth or Salcombe, Whitsand Bay and Tintagel. Or take expert and local advice and seek out less well-known coves and inlets in the clear waters of the Irish Sea and the northerly lochs and islands of Scotland, where ancient wrecks abound.

Addicts each year become more numerous. They are greatly helped by the researches and activities of the

British Sub-Aqua Club. This organization has a comprehensive knowledge of the waters ringing the British Isles, and will advise on protective clothing and equipment which not only prolong immersion in the dream fish-world, but which will open up new areas of exploration and a new field of sport if surface goggling becomes too elementary a pastime for holiday swimmers.

PLAN 3: *Exploring a city*

York is more than a cathedral city—more than a county town. It is the capital of the North, and unique not only for the completeness of its walls but for the preservation of its antiquities. These can be explored from remote pre-Roman times to present-day development schemes, as though the city were itself an illuminated textbook of history, still unfinished. "*Winchester was, London is, York shall be, the finest of the three,*" Mother Shipton prophesied.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE BUT ONE

THE WYE AT HEREFORD: "*a wonderful variety of country,*" see Plan 1



Take your car *by train* for your holiday this year

- 1 King's Cross to Perth
- 2 King's Cross to Newcastle & Edinburgh
- 3 Marylebone to Glasgow
- 4 Paddington to Newton Abbot & St Austell
- 5 Newton Abbot & St Austell to Paddington
- 6 Manchester to Dover & Boulogne
- 7 Sutton Coldfield to Stirling & Inverness
- 8 Newcastle & York to Dover & Boulogne
- 9 Newcastle & Sheffield to Exeter
- 10 Exeter to Newcastle & Sheffield
- 11 Newcastle to King's Cross
- 12 York & Newcastle to Inverness
- 13 Inverness to Newcastle & York
- 14 Inverness & Stirling to Sutton Coldfield
- 15 Edinburgh to King's Cross
- 16 Glasgow to Marylebone
- 17 Glasgow to Eastbourne
- 18 Perth to King's Cross
- 19 Surbiton (London) to Okehampton
- 20 Okehampton to Surbiton
- 21 Eastbourne to Glasgow

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- 6: District Passenger Manager, Hunt's Bank, Manchester
- 7: District Passenger Manager, Midland House, 43 Smallbrook, Ringway, Birmingham 5
- 8, 9, 10, 11 & 12: Commercial Officer, (PD) York
- 9 & 10 also: Traffic Manager, Farm Buildings, Granville Road, Sheffield 2
- 13 & 14: Traffic Manager, Inverness
- 14 also: Stationmaster, Stirling
- 15: Sleeper Reservation Office, Waverley Station, Edinburgh
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EXPLORING *without boring* CONTINUED

The way to see York is to begin at the beginnings of history, and to allow time for progress through the centuries. Start at Roman Eboracum and Danish Jorvic, follow the Norman invasion and on to the grandeur of medieval architecture, to Tudor craftsmanship, and to gracious 18th-century design. Vital modern aspirations come last.

Such an itinerary is best planned on the spot. It will lead from the vestiges of primeval bogland, across the rivers Ouse and Foss to a fragment of Roman curtain wall near the Multangular Tower. The museums house pagan altars dedicated to Arciacos and the woodland deity, Sylvanus, as well as a whole street of reconstructed ancient shops. But that is taking too great a leap in time. Next there is the Minster—which took 250 years to build. For size and unity and perfection of stained glass it is unexampled in this country. And holding the city lovingly together are the great walls with their gates or bars, and the narrow streets within, with the great medieval guild halls. Then come the Assembly Rooms, and the Assize Courts built in 1777, and much besides, to be sought out and appreciated before catching up on history and reaching modern times.

To relieve any surfeit of antiquities, drive out into the surrounding countryside, towards Flamborough Head or Scarborough, through the Wolds, or into the moors and dales of the North Riding. This is unspoilt country, peculiarly refreshing. Return to York will bring a renewed sense of the completeness of this capital city, which has been a centre of government, and of full living, for many hundreds

of years. Culture, good food and whatever else is needed by Sybaritic pilgrims is still here. And will be. Ask Mother Shipton.

PLAN 4: *Exploring the waterways*

Some of the most typically English of all scenery can be enjoyed from the Oxford Canal, which runs from Napton Junction near Southam in Warwickshire until it links with the Thames at Oxford. The country passed through by this 50-mile stretch of waterway is rural in the extreme, domestic, quiet and satisfying in a way which can no longer be appreciated from car-ridden roads. The British Transport Commission maintains some 2,000 miles of navigable rivers and canals. It organizes cruises; gives facilities to privately-owned craft; and hires out special narrow boats. The new "Water Baby" two-berth cruisers and similar larger models are particularly well equipped.

The Oxford canal winds, with direction mainly southerly, and passes such villages as Wormleighton, famous for its manor house and church, Cropredy, where Charles II defeated General Waller, Adderbury, Aynho and Hampton Gay, each with features of architectural and historical interest.

Besides, the tempo of canal travel allows for longer excursions. You can go off to places like Stratford-on-Avon, to the turf-maze at Fritwell, to the William Kent gardens at Rousham House, and to Blenheim Palace and, of course, the town of Banbury. Halts at villages for provisioning, and for

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

YORK: the old walls of the city, and the Minster, see plan 3



EXPLORING *without boring* CONCLUDED

drinks at canal-side inns, make pleasant breaks each day—not that there is any monotony, because the outlook constantly changes. There are cuttings and bridges, and you have to manipulate most of the locks yourself (but easily). Sometimes the view is extensive, and sometimes confined to the minutiae of waterside growth and bird life. For several miles the River Cherwell runs a close parallel. The commercial narrow boats, manned by bargee families, and gay with rose and castle decoration, pass with their merchandise from the Midlands. But above all, canal travel gives what once seemed lost for ever: participation in the traditional life of our country, and unhurried travel.

PLAN 5: *Exploring a coast*

The Royal Burgh of Kirkcudbright at high tide is set in brilliant water. Its old warehouses and the town mansions of 18th-century gentry attract artists, who are fascinated by the cycle of light between broad waters and shimmering tidal flats. Kirkcudbright can be taken as a base for exploring westward towards Stranraer. Within these two points is one of the least known and most beautiful coastal regions in Britain. For good measure it is backed by moor and mountain, loch and burn.

In that extreme south-western arm of Scotland it might be wise to carry a tide-table as well as a large-scale Ordnance map. This is a coast of creeks where receding waters leave stretches of patterned sand and mud haunted only by birds, and access to the open sea is not always easy.

To the west of Kirkcudbright, between Gatehouse-of-Fleet and Creetown, the road follows the coast at a height which gives a clear view of the indented coast—east towards the Lake District and west to Wigtownshire, with the Isle of Man firmly placed on the horizon. Mountain country lies inland of Newton Stewart, and here it is that the map will become invaluable. It will show unfenced gated tracks leading up valleys inhabited by the archaic-looking Galloway Beltie cattle, and divided by stone dykes. These minor roads wander into the hills towards dark lochs of peat-stained water.

This is the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright where, as in the rest of Galloway, the towns are burghs and the mountain ranges are rhinns. Local advice will lead the explorer to abbeys and castles of romantic association and grim charm. Even for its name alone, Sweetheart Abbey should be included into the westward journey through Wigtownshire, and the Isle of Whithorn, which is not an island, and has a church set out on stilts over the water because a disapproving landowner refused to feu land for its site.

Beyond is the Mull of Galloway and Port Logan, known for palms and fishpond; and Corsewall Point, a vantage place for sight of Northern Ireland; Portpatrick, with harbour and sands, and Stranraer on sheltered Loch Ryan, a good base for further exploration in the direction of Carrick and the Ayrshire coast.

PLAN 6: *Exploring the gaps*

There is a lot of talk these days about bridging the gap. For a holiday plan what about filling some of them? It is an idea I have had for some time, but never put into practice. I intend (some time) to make a list of places which

hitherto have eluded me—ones which never came my way, or the other way round.

Take cathedrals first. Canterbury perhaps has been overlooked. Or Durham. What about the new one at Guildford? Then country houses. Haddon Hall? Compton Wynyates? Knoke? Holyrood? Mountains and lakes or other beauty spots might yield Ben Nevis and Conistone and Fowey as existing so far only in the imagination and not yet experienced. Seaside resorts: Weymouth and Aldeburgh? (I long to see Blackpool.) Castles? Stirling, Framlingham and Carisbrooke, perhaps. And Harlech. Abbeys. Prehistoric sites. Famous gardens. Ports. Universities. Spas. There must be a multitude of other gaps.

After making the list, get out a map and rearrange all the listed targets into regions. Within these limits several separate holiday itineraries will have taken shape. Then argue about the merits and demerits of each—and finally pick one.

The result is certain to give varied sight-seeing. In fact, it will fill those gaps with pleasure, interest and fun. I must try it.

INFORMATION:

Underwater Activities: The British Sub-Aqua Club, 6 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

Canal Travel: British Waterways, 163 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

Hotels and Inns: The British Travel and Holidays Association, 64-65 St. James's St., London, S.W.1.

The Scottish Tourist Board, 2 Rutland Place, and West End, Edinburgh.

Local Car Hire: The Automobile Association, Fannin House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE: *Rough Firth Bay, see Plan 5*



TO SEE —AND BE SEEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONY NORRIS

Sightseer in a Cotswold backwater wears a coat and matching skirt in lightweight wool flecked lime and white with four *trompe l'oeil* pockets and two practical slit ones. The coat costs 15 gns. and the skirt 4½ gns., both from Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Libertys silk scarf, floral printed in lime and yellow, costs 29s. 6d. Landmark is Chastleton House, one of the few English country homes to remain completely unchanged—even to the original Jacobean bed-hangings—since the Jones family built it at Moreton-in-Marsh in 1603. Now the home of Alan Clutton-Brock Esq., a descendant, the house is open to visitors on every weekday except Wednesday and also on Sunday afternoons.





Greeting the return of a Chastleton steeplechaser after a morning gallop in Horrockses red poplin shirtwaister dress cut completely straight and banded by a self-belt trimmed with black patent. Tiny buttons on cuffs and openings repeat the black. The dress is from Nora Bradley, King's Road, S.W.3; Vogue, Cambridge; Avril, St. Neots, price: 7 gns.

TO SEE —AND BE SEEN

continued



Exploring Chastleton village in Jaeger's hyacinth blue linen and Terylene mixture suit worn with a navy and white striped scarf. From all branches of Jaeger, price: 11½ gns. White leather beret by Chez Ele at Libertys, Regent Street; and Lucile Gowns, Doncaster, price: £6 17s. 6d. Leather-trimmed blue Italian straw bag, all branches of Susan Handbags, 9 gns.

Facing Chastleton House in the parkland (*opposite*) stands a square dovecote supported on four stone arches and topped by Cotswold slates. For the visit: a dress of Prince of Wales check in pale pink and white Tricel made by Susan Small. The skirt is permanently pleated, the collar falls in a long tie. At Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W.1; Vogue, Lindfield; Morrisons, Glasgow, the price: 10½ gns.







Jacobean background for a modern Elizabethan. Three-piece by Polly Peck comprises a jacket and skirt of white linen weave rayon worn with a navy calf jerkin. From Peter Robinson, Strand and Oxford Circus; Brights, Bristol; Colsons, Exeter; price 12½ gns. Wall panelling, plaster ceilings and furniture of the Fettiplace bedchamber date from the building of Chastleton as do the fine handworked bed-hangings. Only the Flemish tapestries are older, they were made in 1550

TO SEE —AND BE SEEN

continued

In Chastleton's Great Hall, a washable and quick-drying pleated dress by Rima Casuals of white Rimanyl edged with caramel and buttoning through to the hemline. From Cresta Silks, W.1; Derrys, Streetly; Ryles, Whitley Bay; price: 15 gns. Book on the table is the Bible that Charles I handed to Bishop Juxon moments before the King's execution. It was kept for many years by the bishop's family at nearby Little Compton Moor then willed to a Jones of Chastleton

Rooftop silhouette for Fredrica's shirt-waister of tangerine cotton batiste with a button-through bodice and softly pleated skirt. From Fortnum & Mason, W.1; McDonalds, Glasgow; Joseph Johnson, Leicester, price 5½ gns. Libertys white silk scarf with nigger brown spots costs 19s. 6d. Chastleton looks out over the magnificent Gloucestershire countryside hunted assiduously by the Heythrop. "There are more centaurs than men around here," says Mr. Clutton-Brock, a former art critic and Slade Professor of Fine Arts

TO SEE —AND BE SEEN

concluded

Honey gold stone mullions covered with lichen provide the background for a dress of white Tricel made by California Cottons with the moulded bodice that is seen all too rarely these days. The all-round pleating of the skirt will stand up to any amount of washing and still stay in line. From Werff Bros., Bond Street, W.1; Biggars, Glasgow; Leaders, Leeds; price: 5½ gns. White leather hat by Chez Elle edged with saddle stitching and trimmed with a scarlet ribbon is at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Roberts, Sheffield; price 13 gns.



Arrival is made in Jaeger's white wool honeycomb weave coat with rounded barrel back and low slung belt. From the Jaeger Boutique, Regent Street, W.1; and at Jaeger, Chester and Glasgow; price 24 gns., matching skirt 6½ gns. Through the same gateway once galloped a Royalist fugitive from the battle of Worcester in 1651. His wife hid him in a secret room while Cromwell's men searched the house, then drugged the soldiers' wine so that her husband could escape, taking the troopers' horses with him



LORD KILBRACKEN:

Time of reckoning for a Self-employed Person

The hateful, fateful week has come in which, for mysterious reasons, the financial year ends. Ledgers and account books and cash books and inventories are being taken down from dusty or not-so-dusty shelves. Along with millions of others, I'll be starting work shortly on that immense, annual, unpaid chore: my Income Tax return. My mind, let me admit, boggles convulsively at the thought.

There are many, I know, who can face it without bogglement. There are those whose income can be

neatly ascertained by adding up the dividends. There are those who employ a clever, omniscient accountant (not that this by any means abolishes their problem—they still have to feed him with endless details). There are those who receive a regular, incontrovertible salary. There is the P.A.Y.E.-brigade, and there are those who have *no* income. Happy their lot, say I, when I consider the conflicts and doubts, the “can-I-get-away-with-it” decisions, of the Self-Employed Person. Such as me.

My position is complicated by the fact that I employ myself alternately as writer, farmer, forester and lecturer (as well as human being). If the farm makes a loss, this is deductible from the net profits of the previous year's writing and lecturing. Sales of timber, fortunately, do not have to be declared, since they are considered as sales of capital; on the other hand, in Ireland, the costs of afforestation are not chargeable.

In the circumstances, I suppose I should be grateful that I've no unearned income to complicate things further. Already, as may be imagined, the preparation of my return is a minor work-of-art, with the cost of buying pig-food, for example, neatly cancelling the book royalties received a year earlier, and with expenditure on diesel oil, or the depreciation of the tractor, wiping out some of my lecture fees from my last trip to the States.

I don't like cheating. I try to make a fair return. And yet, after doing it for a decade, there are still questions which regularly arise to fool me. I just don't know the answers. Here are five, for example, which I know will be bothering me in the weeks ahead.

(i) Christopher, Paul and Mary, not to mention sundry other relations, friends, girl-friends, friends' girl-friends, and the like, were staying at Killegar during haymaking and the harvest. They would come

out to the fields for a greater or lesser time, depending on age, sex, strength, and amorous propensities. The children would get occasional half-crowns and un-numbered ice-cream sodas. The grown-ups would get a picnic, and several rounds of stout in Longfield pub afterwards. Am I entitled to include the half-crowns in my wages book, plus the value of the ice-cream sodas, picnics, stouts, and so forth?

(ii) I take a trip to Paris and spend 10 days there. Let's say the whole thing costs £80. On the third day, I get a lead on an exclusive “story” which I pursue intermittently during the rest of my stay. How much of the £80 can I charge as expenses (a) if I sell the story to the *Daily Splurge* for 100 guineas; (b) if I sell it for 20 guineas; (c) if the story comes to nothing and never gets printed at all? In the last-mentioned case, how can I prove conclusively that the story ever existed?

(iii) In the Horseshoe Bar at the Shelbourne, I meet by chance a beautiful Swedish girl, whose husband is visiting Ireland—and happens to be in Limerick for the weekend—to buy a plane-load of attested Hereford heifers. I realize at once that I have several that might suit him. Purely with a view to establishing contact with her husband, and thus preparing the ground for a profitable deal, I buy this girl three large gin-and-tonics, take her to dinner at the Bailey, and then on to Alfredo's. We return to her hotel at 2 a.m., and her husband, we find, has driven back unexpectedly from Limerick. He isn't interested, for some unaccountable reason, in my Hereford heifers. May I claim the whole cost of the evening (£11) as a professional expense?

(iv) I somehow manage to drive about 20,000 miles a year, which costs me, I reckon, about £500. How much of this is chargeable to my farm account, how much to my literary account, and how much is *non-chargeable*? (Consider as a typical example a two-day trip to Dublin, on which I cover 350 miles and (a) have dinner with Dana Wynter; (b) attend the Ballsbridge Bull Show; (c) collect material for a *Tatler* article; (d) discuss details of a forthcoming cattle-sale with the auctioneers; (e) go to the races; (f) discuss a possible future movie with a visiting director; (g) deliver a hundredweight of cream cheese; (h) go to a party with Garech & Co. and (i) otherwise amuse myself.)

(v) My telephone bill manages to be about £160 a year. Am I supposed to keep an exact record of all calls made, and the cost of each call, so that they may be entered in the correct accounts—farming, literary, personal—when the financial year ends?

Perhaps a cunning expert could advise me on these matters. Of course, if I were unscrupulous, I could probably get away with the lot. A certain farmer of my acquaintance (now an *ex-farmer*) found himself unexpectedly in London for the night, and spent most of it with a perfectly charming half-Chinese hostess in a well-known night club not a million miles from Bond Street. The bill reached the neighbourhood of £35. My friend paid by cheque, and entered on the counter-foil: “*Expenses incurred in London interviewing potential milkmaid.*”

This was solemnly copied by his accountant into his farm account, and was never subsequently questioned by the Inland Revenue. I, needless to say, would do nothing like *that*. I couldn't afford to.

COUNTER SPY

THE RURAL INDUSTRIES BUREAU and several discerning London shops are encouraging British craftsmen in the arts of basket-weaving, pottery, carving and glass-engraving, still preserved in many parts of the country. The examples assembled here are plain in design, but elegant and well-made. From left at the back: **Glazed stone-ware bread-crock**, hand-made by the well-established Pearsons of Chesterfield. Three sizes: 75s., 50s. 6d., & 37s. 6d. From Woollands and Libertys.

Glazed pottery jug in earthy browns, by the Crowan Pottery in Cornwall. Priced £7 3s. at Primavera.

White willow wine basket is made by a disabled veteran for Lord Roberts Workshops, Brompton Road. 65s.

Handwoven tweed (on the wall) in brown and white costs 27s. a yard from Margaret Mackenzie, Piccadilly Arcade (28 in. wide only). It is one of a varied selection woven by crofters in the north and west of Scotland.

Cane basket for logs is a traditional herring cran, used by fishermen and hand-made in Norfolk. From Primavera at £2 8s. In it is a **rosewood platter** by David Gilbert of the Isle of Arran, £12 from Primavera, and a **canoe-shaped elm platter**, by the Taena Community, £9.

Engraved glass mug (on the basket edge) was commissioned by Anson's, Dover Street, from David Peace. Whole sets of table glass can be engraved to order. Prices from 6 gns.

Felt rocking horse on cane rockers is at Olwey Toy Studios, 30s. Their individual toys are all hand-made.

Stone-ware storage jars are made by Richard Batterham. In many colours and sizes from 10s. 6d. at the Craftsmen Potters' Shop, Lowndes Court, Carnaby Street, W.1.

Stone-ware cider barrel with wooden tap, 31s. from Libertys, by Pearsons.

Earthenware coffee-pot and jug, corn-coloured (34s. 6d. & 31s. 6d. respectively) by Wold Pottery in Yorkshire. To match, cream jug, 7s., sugar bowl, 5s. 6d., breakfast cups and saucers, 17s. 6d. from Libertys.

Hand-carved wooden butter moulds, in all sizes from 3s. 9d. to 18s. 9d. Also pastry rollers (centre front) from 9s. 6d. At Betty Hope, Beauchamp Place.

Stone-ware ridged casserole, oven proof. Made by Ray Marshall, Bridgefoot Pottery, Stedham, Sussex, in several prices and sizes from about 32s. 6d. From Betty Hope.

Handmade in the country



BARNET SAIDMAN



Van Johnson & Patricia Lambert in *The Music Man*

VERDICTS



A child study by Augustus John. (See Galleries, page 44)



Kenneth Connor & Fenella Fielding in *Carry On Regardless* (reviewed below)

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

The Music Man. Adelphi Theatre. (Van Johnson, Patricia Lambert, C. Denier Warren, Michael Malnick, Nan Munro, Ruth Kettlewell.)

A thin story —with trombones

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH AUDIENCES are wonderfully sympathetic to each other's nostalgias. They relived with us the memories of our gay, absurd twenties evoked by *The Boy Friend*; and we no doubt shall happily gyre and gimble in the great sentimental waves of music and song and dance that *The Music Man* from Broadway sends creaming across the stage of the Adelphi. Amid their crash and thunder we shall think fondly of the simple ways of a life that it was never our privilege to know.

We are taken back to a mid-Western township in the age of John Philip Sousa. Ragtime then was something quite new; gingham and celluloid collars were all the wear; and pastoral high jinks were never without their note of simple patriotic fervour, struck usually by the mayor's wife dressed as the Statue of Liberty and leading the heady choruses with a wildly waving lamp.

But already the grass of this Eden had its snakes. Travelling salesmen were looking for opportunities, and one of them—the hero of this piece—had the notion that

there was an easy profit to be made by selling music to little communities who had hardly ever heard of the thing.

His method, as we see it in practice, is simplicity itself. A word whispered in an influential ear, the beginning of a tune quietly hummed in the hearing of an impressionable group, and soon everyone is subscribing to buy instruments and uniforms for a boys' band. The selling of the project to River City is proclaimed by the loudest and most exhilarating song of the evening: *Seventy-six trombones*.

But the salesman has an immense disadvantage. There is not a note of music in him and that he has not the faintest idea of how the boys are to be taught to play their instruments.

The prim, cultured but pretty librarian suspects as much. It becomes necessary for the Music Man to woo her in the course of business. It is his good fortune that she has a young brother who because he lisps will hardly be bothered to speak at all. But the excitement of owning a trombone gives the lad an interest in life. He not only begins to speak but to sing, and Mr. Denis Waterman sings *Gary, Indiana* most takingly, and his sister gratefully falls for the salesman. It is her misfortune that he has really fallen in love with her artless charm.

This is the story and, admittedly, it is extremely thin. But thin as it is, it is liberally coated with honey. Nor can it be said that the humour of its telling has any sort of satirical bite. The whole thing depends on the songs and the dances. The impression given is that the author, Mr. Meredith Willson, may have written the songs before he had any idea of turning them into a

musical and that the story of *The Music Man* evolved itself from the songs.

Many of the songs themselves are what are called "talking songs." They dispense with rhyme and melody and depend on the driving rhythm of the lyrics. *Trouble and Rock Island* are two of the best of these.

There are also some excellent barber-shop quartets sung by the detectives who are sent out to spy on the suspected swindler but who cannot, at the very moment when they are beginning to pick up the scent, resist an opening line hummed by the salesman. And the frankly sentimental numbers are sweetly sung by Miss Patricia Lambert, the librarian, who for all her high-brow pretensions thinks nothing of ripping a page out of one of the library's most prized reference books simply to save her lover from imminent detection, an anti-social act which ought to set our teeth on edge.

All the dancing is done at break-neck speed which often leaves Mr. Van Johnson, the handsome salesman, sadly scant of breath, but the chorus can be trusted to see their principal through, and Mr. Johnson is not in the most arduous and the most exciting dance of all, *Shipoopee*, exhilaratingly led by Mr. Bernard Spear. But well as the choruses dance, and pleasing as are their period costumes, they could I think be left to make their effects without quite so much interference by the producer. Mr. Robert Merriman seems to be under the impression that everyone in a whole line of girls must be given a bit of grotesque by-play every other second if we are to go on looking at them. This is a precaution that soon defeats its purpose.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

One Hundred & One Dalmatians Full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Directors Wolfgang Reitherman, Hamilton Luske, Clyde Geronimi. **Carry On Regardless.** Director Gerald Thomas. (Sidney James, Charles Hawtrey, Kenneth Williams, Joan Sims, Liz Fraser.) **Go Naked In The World.** Director Ranald MacDougall. (Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa, Ernest Borgnine.) **Women Behind Barbed Wire.** Director Manao Horiuchi. (Minoru Ohki, Jelli Cosby.)

Disney's spotted dog story

MR. WALT DISNEY, WHOSE CARTOON films sometimes looked a trifle old-fashioned compared with those of certain newcomers to the field, has made a triumphant comeback: **One Hundred & One Dalmatians**, based on Miss Dodie Smith's book, simply couldn't be better. It is a pure joy. Dog-lovers will dote on it and I do believe cat-lovers will, too, for though the enchanting tale is essentially a spotted-dog story, the real hero is a small, spry and resourceful pussy, name of Sergeant Tibbs. Mr. Disney used to have a hatred of cats—which, perhaps, was natural enough in the creator of Mickey Mouse: he has now manfully overcome it—and we can all be happy.

This is the best drawn cartoon film ever to have emerged from

Mr. Disney's studios. The human characters, too often before flat and insipid, this time actually *have* character, the animals are adorable and the London backgrounds have a quite irresistible charm.

Pongo is a handsome Dalmatian whose owner (or pet, as he prefers to think of him) is Roger, a young composer of popular songs. Tired of their bachelor existence, Pongo cunningly contrives to marry Roger off to Anita, a sweet girl—the pet of a beautiful Dalmatian bitch called Perdita. The two couples live contentedly together in a dear little house near “the Park”—and there is great rejoicing when Perdita presents Pongo with 15 darling puppies. All is perfect bliss.

Enter, like a tornado, Miss Cruella De Vil—an angular, aggressive (and extraordinarily funny) harpy who wants to buy the pups and have their skins made into a fur coat to match her shock of piebald hair, the fiend. When her offer is refused, she hires a couple of dognappers to steal them away. The police are baffled—they confess they haven't a clue as to what could have happened to the missing 15. In despair, Pongo and Perdita, by the “twilight bark” system, summon to their aid all the dogs of London—and soon news of the crime is relayed to other dogs up and down the countryside.

It reaches the shaggy ears of an elderly sheepdog, known as the Colonel, who develops a hunch that there may be a link between the dognapping and some rum goings-on at the haunted manor house near his farm. He sends his cute and courageous cat-friend, Sergeant Tibbs, to investigate—and what does he find but 99 little Dalmatian prisoners, including Perdita's precious pups, all awaiting execution.

A report of the discovery is barked back to Pongo and Perdita—and, while the gallant Sergeant Tibbs is rescuing the wee ones from the house of doom, the anxious parents speed to the spot, through snow and over ice, to fetch their darlings home. They cannot, of course, leave the

other poor little things to their horrid fate—and I cannot begin to tell you their adventures on the journey to safety but I *can* promise you that, with devilish Cruella and the dognappers in frantic pursuit, they have a wonderfully exciting time. Nobody, I feel, could possibly fail to enjoy this delicious film.

The millions who laughed their heads off over the earlier “Carry On” films will doubtless flock to see the latest, *Carry On Regardless*, and they will get just what they expect—the familiar and expert team of comics, very little wit but plenty of slapstick and good (almost) clean fun. Mr. Sidney James opens an agency called Helping Hands which undertakes any sort of odd job, from baby-sitting onwards.

This device makes it possible to dispense with a coherent story: as long as it provides the team with a chance to clown their way through a rich variety of absurd situations, who cares? Mr. Charles Hawtrey, weedy but valiant, stands-in for a boxer in the heavyweight class and defeats a man-mountain. Mr. Kenneth Connor, mistaking a request for a fourth at bridge for a summons to a mysterious tryst on the Forth Bridge, sees himself as the hero of *The 39 Steps*. (I thought this madly amusing.) Miss Joan Sims makes the most of a wine-tasting party, supercilious Mr. Kenneth Williams is constantly taken down a peg or two—and so on. It is, in fact, very much the mixture as before.

Signorina Gina Lollobrigida is the latest recruit to the regiment of tarts currently tramping it across our screens. *Go Naked In The World* has her cast as a modern, San Francisco version of the Lady of the Camellias. Mr. Anthony Franciosa, fresh out of the army, picks her up in a bar—and as she takes him straight home to bed, he naturally assumes that she is a perfect specimen of pure American womanhood. He is appalled to learn that she is a notorious pro. who has been to bed with every rich man in town, his own father included—but he is so infatuated with her that

after a brief struggle with himself, he decides he cannot live without her.

Here his Pop (Mr. Ernest Borgnine) takes a leaf out of Duval Pere's book: he visits Signorina Lollobrigida and begs her not to ruin his son's career by continuing their association. The publicity hand-out states boldly that the denouement is unexpected: not if you remember Marguerite Gauthier, it isn't.

I am frankly a little tired of this old story, which seems to grow less and less convincing with every transposition. We should, perhaps, be glad that it has now been reduced to complete incredibility:

this may prevent anyone else from refilming it—which would leave us free to sit back happily with our eyes closed, revelling in our memories of the beauty and pathos of the one and only Garbo in *Camille*.

The Japanese have done a thorough job of whitewashing themselves in *Women Behind Barbed Wire*—a distasteful film in which an internment camp commandant (Mr. Minoru Ohki) is shown as a kindly, compassionate, upright man who does everything for the Dutch women in his care—except (though they're mad for him) sleep with them. I wonder how this little piece is making out in Holland.



The heroic cat, Sergeant Tibbs, descends like a paratrooper on Jasper, easy-living villain, who hopes to make a fur coat out of the Sergeant's doggy friends. From the new Disney cartoon *One Hundred & One Dalmatians*



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Evergreen Books: **A Restoration**

Reader, ed. James Holly
Handford. (21s.) & **Nadja**, by
André Breton, tr. Richard
Howard. (14s. 6d.).

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The Everlasting Circle, coll. by
James Reeves. (Heinemann, 21s.)

Who Will Comfort Toffle? by Tove
Jansson. (Benn, 11s. 6d.)

Has Bond hit the skids?

RUTHLESS, CRUEL JAMES BOND rides again—or rather drives again in his Bentley Continental with the Rolls Mark IV engine with 9.5 compression and two-inch pipe twin exhausts and the £3,000 body from Mulliners with black morocco upholstery. Just so that you know where we are. **Thunderball** for me marks the beginning of the decadent period—either Bond's or my own. That is to say, I am now so conditioned to the drugging effect of our hero's peripheral activities with cars, girls, clothes, food and drink that I have only the vaguest grip on the thriller-plot itself.

It has something to do with the theft of an aeroplane carrying two atomic weapons and a particularly nasty organization called Spectre ("The Special Executive for Counter-intelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion") which harbours some suspicious Old Boys from Smersh among its horrible members.

By now I am well past minding too much about the immorality of 007's way of life, or of brooding too dismally about the unspeakable fantasies he no doubt fosters in us all. Let me merely mention barracudas; an underwater battle in rubber suits and Aqualungs; a revolting villain with "nerves of steel, a heart of ice" and "the entrée to café society in four continents"; an athletic osteopath called Patricia who massages Bond with mink gloves and finally surrenders on the squab seats of her own bubble car; a case of over-cooking in a sweat-box ("designed by the Medikalischer Maschinenbau G.m.b.H., 44 Franziskanerstrasse, Ulm, Bavaria,"); and a girl called Domino who has a proud, sensual mouth, wears a gondolier's hat tipped over her straight, small, upturned nose, and

drives ("like a man") a sapphire blue MG two-seater.

What is specially taking about **Thunderball** is the cheerful self-parody—the book opens in a ritzy nature-cure clinic where the intrepid Bond, the high liver, the four-scrambled-eggs-four-rashers-American-hickory-smoked-bacon man, has gone under orders to clean up his furry tongue and sense of morning guilt. I was also enchanted by the blurb, which has by now caught the brand-naming habit badly and says that Bond's foreign publishers include, "the great names of Bonnier, Crespi, Glyndendal, Gallimard, Gräfski, Ullstein and Hayakawa of Tokyo." With three gold rings round the paper and Daimler-Benz four-stroke diesels supercharged by twin Brown-Boveri turbo-superchargers too, I'll bet.

For a little steadying relief, I should advise **Dionysus in Paris** by Wallace Fowler, a rather fancy title for a nice straightforward handy guide to the contemporary French theatre, a touch over-zealous now and again in explaining the obvious but useful as a check-list of plays and authors. And **The American Civil War** is a smashing gallop through history taken from Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, Volume IV, with

extraordinary photographs. It seems likely that this particular war was one of the few the author did not attend in person, not even as a war correspondent, but one can never be certain.

My passion for paperbacks is being mightily fed by the handsome American Evergreen Books, splendidly produced though at not exactly pauper's prices. **A Restoration Reader** is a jolly and eclectic anthology of prose and poems edited by James Holly Handford; and André Breton's **Nadja**, translated by Richard Howard, first published in 1928, is the purest cream of Surrealism and left me as much in the dark about that whole perplexing business as ever.

It is in the form of a diary about the relationship between the author and a girl called Nadja, who has fern-coloured eyes, is a mad success with waiters, and seemed to me infinitely tiresome, especially when gracefully concealing her face "behind the heavy, non-existent plume of her hat." The book is profusely illustrated with dotty Surrealist pictures and photographs, which now exude a defiant period charm like the ghost of potpourri, and the last sentence reads, "Beauty will be CONVULSIVE or will not be at all," and why not, after all?



JOHN VYVYAN

Shining example of how to get away from it all without being escapist is provided by former journalist Derek Tangye and his wife Jean Nicol, the Savoy Hotel Group's P.R.O. for several years. They settled in west Cornwall 10 years ago and now make a successful living from market gardening. In his fourth book A Gull On The Roof (Michael Joseph, 18s.) Mr. Tangye, who was educated at Harrow School, describes the venture.

My two favourite books of the week have nothing in common except a certain wild *brío*. The first not brand new—it was published last year—is James Reeves's adorable collection of English traditional poetry and folk-songs, **The Everlasting Circle**, full of cheery, rueful verses about girls who unwisely trusted sailors, millers, ploughboys, barley rakers and the daring young lad they call Ramble Away. And the other is a new Tove Jansson, hauntingly titled **Who Will Comfort Toffle?** Toffle, no Moomin, is a small shaggy boy who is deeply nervous of Grokes, Hemulens, Filly-jonks and Whompses. The person who comforts Toffle is Miffle, and if you're not quite with me I can only suggest you seek out this intoxicating book and bone up on the basic Jansson role-call.

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

Jazz Routes, by Johnny
Dankworth

The Big Band Dixie Sound, by
Ted Heath

Humph Plays Standards, by
Humphrey Lyttelton

Doctor McJazz, by Al Fairweather
& Sandy Brown

A Swingin' Chick, by Elaine Delmar

The routes of Dankworth

IT IS DIFFICULT, WHEN WRITING about the mass of jazz records that appear monthly, to do justice to those of purely British origin, especially when so many of them are devoted to that spurious music of traditional origin which recently prompted a well-known writer to suggest it as a substitute for rock 'n' roll! Thus I found it more than refreshing to listen to Johnny Dankworth's **Jazz routes** (SCX3347), the title given to an album he recorded nearly two years ago. It is a regrettable pointer to the British record companies' attitude towards home-made jazz that such a period has elapsed before this session has reached the home public, particularly as the band involved, basically the one he took to the 1959 Newport Festival, was broken up a year ago.

Johnny, apart from being a first-class alto player, is one of the few really constructive and progressive musicians whom we can honour in this highly specialized international field. If you doubt the British content of his music, just bear in mind that six pieces were written by Dankworth himself, two by trumpeter Dickie Hawdon.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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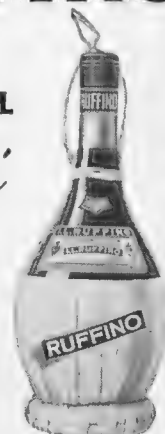
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VERDICTS *continued*

and one by trombonist Tony Russell. The others were contributed by top arranger Dave Lindup, whose *Slo train* is one of the best tracks on an LP which never lacks interest or variety, and is performed as effectively as any I have heard from this swinging band.

There is an underlying flavour of Basie—not just copyism—that indicates the pattern of the big band jazz he sets out to play. Some idea of the effect they can achieve, aided and abetted by their leader, is given in the climatic finale of Johnny's long solo piece, *Dauphine blues*. Whichever way you look at the performances, there is freedom of expression, fine solo work, and a commendable lack of egotism in the Dankworth organization to justify the band's position at the helm of Britain's jazz production.

A highly respected and much exported commodity is Ted Heath and his music. In their album of *Dixie sound* (SKL4076), they approach the small band idiom in a way somewhat similar to that of Bob Crosby's Bob-Cats, with bold resounding solos, but with full band backing which provides a new look for well-worn jazz standards such as *Riverboat shuffle* and *South Rampart Street*. The same sort of standard themes form the basis of Humphrey Lyttelton's *Humph plays standards* (SCX3368), a 1960 re-

cording of his eight-piece group, since reduced to six men by the departure of Jimmy Skidmore and Joe Temperley. Most impressive are the introduction to *Blue Lou*, Temperley's solo piece, *Prelude to a kiss*, and Humph's *Ida*, that has its roots in the mid-thirties jazz played by trumpeters Wingy Mannone and Jonah Jones.

I mentioned that Dankworth's *Routes* were of his own plotting. Likewise every piece in *Doctor McJazz* (SCX3367) is composed by clarinettist/leader Sandy Brown, the bearded half of the Al Fairweather and Sandy Brown all-stars. A variety of instrumental groupings enables the basic six-piece band to change the sound and the mood, with pleasing results. At times they work in the "race and blues" idiom, advancing to mainstream in the ensemble, but the soloists play mostly in the Dixieland idiom.

I must also tell you that Elaine Delmar, who masquerades as *A swingin' chick* (SEG8060), turns up with a potential winner in her EP to the backing of Victor Feldman and Dill Jones. This rather immature voice has many of the assets that make for good jazz singing, moulded on conventional lines. Her warmth and diction set new standards in this country, which lacks lady singers more than anything else.

"discovered" in the basement of the artist's home. They had been discarded or abandoned unfinished over a period of many years.

Some critics have already made the obvious, but none the less truthful, comment that for the good of John's reputation it would have been better if many of the pictures had remained in the basement. Other, and generally older, critics, loyal to their memories of the artist's finer achievements and to the hopes, which they have never abandoned, that his promised greatness would be fulfilled, dwelt upon the more obviously praiseworthy things. And collectors showed their faith by buying almost everything in sight in record time.

Comment upon the portrait of the Queen Mother (painted in 1940, when she was Queen, but now seen for the first time) has been confined largely to safe talk about the likeness. Personally I believe it is the worst thing he has ever painted. At least, I hope it is the worst and that there is not something even more disillusioning tucked away in another basement.

What then are we to believe is the truth about John? Has he outlived his genius? Did he ever, in fact, have genius? And if he had, what sort of genius was it?

That last question has been answered by Sir John Rothenstein this way:



"Miss Mason," a pen-&-wash drawing in the Landseer exhibition. It belongs to the Duke of Abercorn, who lent 41 of the 175 exhibits

"Genius which is intuitive and spontaneous is of necessity uneven in its achievement. If John's crowded annals have failures to record, in his inspired moments no British living painter so nearly approaches the grandeur and radiance of vision, the understanding of the human drama, or the power of hand and eye of the great masters of the past."

I would argue with that in only one respect, but that a serious one. As I see it John has little or no "understanding of the human drama"—unless we mean drama in the shallow theatrical sense. He has concerned himself almost entirely with face values which he proceeded to romanticize in accordance with his own romantic view of life.

Among artists of the past there have probably been many with John's sort of genius. But looking round for a parallel today the first name that comes into my head is not that of a painter but of a dramatist—Noël Coward. There is the same amazing facility at an early age, the same prolificity, the same brilliant virtuosity, the same inability to delve deeply and the same ultimate failure to completely fulfil earlier promise.

In his drawing John has certainly shown something of "the power of hand and eye of the great masters," but although he has "radiance of vision" he has not the great masters' depth of vision.

The story has been told many times of how, as a not very remarkable art student, he one day struck his head on a rock while swimming and suddenly became a "genius" with a talent for drawing that staggered everyone at the Slade and quickly won him fame outside the school.

Whether or not there is any truth in that story, it is a fact that he never seemed to have to struggle to learn to draw. He could draw without thinking. And this may well have been a bad thing. Only when it is combined with an extraordinary degree of strong

character is this sort of "gift" without its dangers. Only when it is combined with extraordinary "understanding of the human drama" does it produce the greatest art.

As the exhibition in the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy shows clearly, Edwin Landseer was also extraordinarily gifted in his youth. There is a pencil and water-colour drawing of a terrier, made when the artist was nine, that leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. And there is a picture of two dogs fighting that must be one of the most remarkable pieces of oil-painting ever done by any 16-year-old.

What, then, happened to all this astonishing precocious talent? Was it all frittered away upon these well-known pieces of Victoriana, the dewy-eyed dogs and the noble stags? The object of the Academy's exhibition is to show that it was not and for that purpose many paintings and a large number of drawings, rarely or never seen by the public before, have been gathered together.

The result is certainly a revelation. But I do not think the revelation is on the scale that the organisers of the show imagine it to be.

Most surprising, because so unlike anything else he ever did, are the series of brilliant, humour-tinged drawings made over many years during the artist's visits to the Duchess of Bedford's homes. Most pleasing are the few small landscape sketches which he left free of human figures or animals.

The quality of painting, even where the subject matter is, to our minds, ridiculous is usually highly accomplished and occasionally masterly. The horse in the picture *Shoeing*, on loan from the Tate, is worthy of Stubbs, and the small painting *Count D'Orsay's charger* looks uncannily like a Géricault. But I feel that comparisons made in the catalogue between Landseer and Delacroix, Corot, Constable and Goya carry enthusiasm a bit too far.



Augustus John, Tooth's Gallery
Edwin Landseer, Diploma Gallery,
Royal Academy

Augustus John reconsidered

A FEW WEEKS AGO, WRITING IN THIS column about a Tate Gallery lecturer who had referred to Augustus John's painting as "slick" and had suggested that soon Gwen John's work would be rated above her brother's, I said:

"One day it might be worth while to investigate the charge of slickness against artists like John and find out if their prodigious dexterity and skill as draughtsmen and painters is not, in fact, inimical to the highest development of their art."

Now, the exhibition at Tooth's Gallery makes such an appraisal of John not only worth while but inevitable, for it has split the critics down the middle on this very issue.

Most of the pictures in the show were, as you will have read already,

MAN'S WORLD

The shirt builders

David Morton

IF A TAILOR CAN BE SAID TO PROVIDE, with a well cut suit, the cornerstone of good dress, the keystone must surely be supplied by the shirt-maker. No doubt the hatter and shoemaker are also entitled to a say on this subject, but it does seem downright improvident to spend upwards of 40 guineas on a suit of clothes, and then to wear an ill-fitting shirt with it. At this point I should make it quite clear that I am not aiming barbs at the readymade shirtmakers. They do their admirable best to provide shirts to fit the disparate assortment of shapes and sizes of which the human race is compounded, but I am sure they will admit that there are some shapes that defy a ready-made fit. For the man then with stooped shoulders, an extra size in chests, arms too long or arms too short, only the bespoke shirtmakers remain.

One of the makers I visited maintained that shirtmaking is the essence of good tailoring. No padding can be used, no shrinking done. Cut must be exact and there can be no surplus of turning. Bad craftsmanship is soon evident in buttonholing. This cutter pointed out that a readymade shirt may allow an average 38 inch chest measurement for a man who takes a 15½ collar, but his chest may in fact measure 40 inches or indeed 37, so that three inches of loose material may gather at the point of least resistance, about the neck. And that can mean disaster, for if a bespoke suit has had care lavished on it, the focus of interest will be at the neck. If the shirt does not conform to the high standards set by the suit, an awkward disharmony will be set up that no tie can dispel. Bespoke shirts have a distinctive quality that stems partly from the correctness of the material used, but mainly from the authoritative cut in the part that shows. The collar sits well, the sleeves of the shirt do not twist and the cuffs stay a chaste half inch above the root of the thumb.

The shirtmakers I called on were unanimous in their assessment of current trends; a mass return to broad stripes, in bold colours, strong backing for attached collars (up to 90 per cent of the orders taken); clear preference for plain white and cream shirts among the more conservative makers, and a general shrinking from silk shirtings as a result of the difficulty in finding laundries equipped to handle them. Linked cuffs are still more popular than buttoned ones but a step towards modernity is indicated by the increased demand for lighter

fabrics like cotton voile for evening shirts.

It isn't hard to find the bespoke shirtmakers, they seem to congregate in particular areas. Jermyn Street offers a rich choice—Turnbull & Asser at No. 71, Harvie and Hudson at 20 Duke Street and Budd at the Piccadilly end of Piccadilly Arcade. Dare and Dolphin are at 92 Piccadilly; Hawes & Curtis, shirtmakers to the late King George VI, are at 2 Burlington Gardens and Washington Tremlett are at 41 Conduit Street. Hornes at their central branch at 415 Oxford Street and many other shops, and Thresher and Glenny, 152 The Strand, are also names to be reckoned with.

Most of the shirtmakers have evolved their own highly decorative and individual styles of window dressing and they make great play with colour. Around bolts of blue shirting are arranged satellites of blue braces and bow-ties with patterns of white handkerchiefs, silver cuff links, cashmere pullovers and cutaway collars. But shirtmakers stick to their last as steadily as any bespoke bootmaker and you are unlikely to find anything in their windows not connected with some aspects of shirts or shirt-making.

Hand-made shirts are not cheap but with bespoke its a case of value far outweighing cost. You'll need to allow upwards of five guineas for a poplin shirt for example, and if your taste runs to a satin striped silk you may have to find 14. Pleating for an evening shirt could cost up to £18 5s., but you might find an evening shirt, pleated, for 6½ guineas.

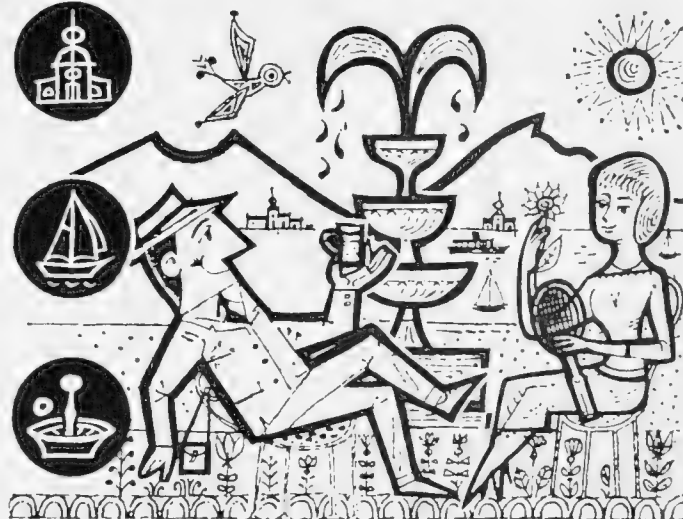
Though there still seem to be plenty of names in the business the shirtmakers are a dwindling, if dedicated, band of men who seem basically despondent about their trade. Their gloom springs in part from the scarcity of young people willing to follow a craft that is not at first sight either well-paid or glamorous, but more especially from the acute shortage of hand laundresses. All the shirtmakers I spoke to agreed that a handmade shirt deserved the attentions of a hand-laundry but none could confidently recommend one. Some hinted that they knew one just round the corner who did work for them, but shouldn't be overburdened by private customers. One went so far as to say that only the loving hands of a good wife could do justice to their shirts—bachelors despair, or rush to a marriage bureau.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS



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GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

New . . . make-up from Paris is the burnt-gold look. It was launched by Orlane at the Hotel Crillon to a bubble of champagne, flashing cameras and searing TV lights. The golden model girls (one is on view below with a hairdo by Jacques Dessange) wore the dashing new Or Brûlé lipstick and nail colour. To complement it was a smooth skin blooming with a golden brown matching foundation, topped with Poudre Déesse down-soft powder. Eyes were garnished with brown eyeliner, mascara and Van Dyck shadow. Altogether the face was built on a theme of gilded brown which makes a devastating change from pink lips vying with coloured eyeshadow, pale skin. The bubble burst, the reception rooms emptied, but the models were still there with make-up intact, testifying to the lasting powers of the new Orlane look. Or Brûlé is on sale now in London at Galeries Lafayette; Woollands; Marshall & Snelgrove and all Orlane stockists.

RONNIE BURG



BARRY WARNER

Newest . . . summer scent (introduced by Princess Marcella Borghese here) is so mint-fresh it won't be on sale until early summer. She knew what she wanted in a scent—it mustn't be too bitter or over-sweet. So Ecco took a lot of research before it reached Princess Borghese's exacting standards. Her own beauty is compounded of a small-boned face with a flawless skin, vivid smile and bright brown eyes. And she made a stake in the beauty business with her range of exciting make-up—the cream she had specially formulated for her own skin was so good the Princess thought it ought to be available to many more women. And, hey presto, a pot of cream triggers off an idea that has now grown into a business of international reputation. Ecco (on sale in early summer) will introduce her name to the British public and the whole range of her make-up will probably reach the stores by the end of the year.

DINING IN

A spring bonanza

Helen Burke

NOT FOR A LONG TIME HAVE WE had so many good vegetables at this time of year as we are having now. The forward spring has brought on vegetables here as well as on the Continent—and greengrocers are delighted. We should be, too.

About now in an ordinary year we lose leeks, the enthusiastic cook's best friend. This year young ones will be available, so that we shall have the two main ingredients for, say, Crème Vichyssoise—chives and leeks—at the same time.

Also coming along are green French beans, tender young cabbages, spinach, courgettes, aubergines, succulent globe artichokes and green sweet peppers which really do change to red without becoming wizened. And asparagus in plenty.

Even if the men of the house have to be coaxed to appreciate them, this is the time of year to serve at midday all-vegetable main dishes, with neither meat nor fish. This will have the incidental effect of helping to cut down weight, but the chief value of an all-vegetable meal, once a day for a few weeks at a time, is that it improves the health and acts as a good skin tonic from inside.

I have always believed that raw vegetables, provided one can digest them, must be better for us than cooked ones, if for no other reason than that they are undiluted and unchanged. So, as I have a lot of eating-out to do at lunchtime, for my evening meal I like to have a platter of raw vegetables, while the rest of the family indulges in *tournedos* with *maître d'hôtel* butter in place of the more usual *Sauce Bearnaise* or even that preposterous *Tournedos Rossini* with *pâté de foie gras*, which simply ruins the delicious steak.

Try the following dish without any other additions. Choose your largest dinner plate or plates. Grate on to each as much cheese as one person can eat (for me, the best is Canadian Black Diamond). Then, on the shredder of the grater—and I hope it has one—shred young raw carrots, again as much as you think advisable. Next cut into rounds a green sweet pepper relieved of its core and seeds. If you have not yet come to like the flavour of sweet peppers, give them credit for their Vitamin B and C contents. Add sliced tomatoes, which because of their A, B and C vitamins should never be omitted from a vegetable meal. Onions, too, if you like. All dressed with oil and vinegar—three parts to one.

My enthusiasm for spring vegetables coincides with the receipt of

a book on diet. It is not new, but a long overdue translation. It is **Eating Your Way To Health**, by Ruth Bircher (Faber & Faber, 30s.). The translation is by Claire Loewenfeld, famous in her own right as the author of two "Britain's Wild Larder" books—*Nuts* and *Fungi*, and more recently as the grower of some of the best culinary herbs in this country.

You may remember that the Bircher-Benner clinic in Zürich was the first to introduce to the world that wonderful and wonderfully simple meal known as *Muesli*, that was considered a prescription rather than a recipe. It was a marvellously balanced meal.

For one person soak a level dessertspoon of medium oatmeal in 3 tablespoons of water for 12 hours. Add a tablespoon of lemon juice blended in a tablespoon of sweetened condensed milk and a grated large apple.

Finally turn the mixture into a serving-dish and sprinkle with a tablespoon of grated hazel-nuts or almonds.

There are other *Muesli* dishes, made with fresh fruit and dried fruit, and in this book there are recipes for various omelets and other egg dishes. Cheese ones, too. But it deals for the most part with vegetables, many of them raw.

I would put it into the hands of everyone who has to provide food for the family and wants to know how to ring the changes.

From vegetables to meat. This one for liver is the result of a special request from readers.

FOIE DE VEAU EN COCOTTE makes a big fuss of calf's liver. For 6 to 8 servings, gently fry a 1½-lb. piece all over in butter. Transfer it to a casserole. In the same pan gently fry 12 whole small onions and 12 smallish mushrooms. Meanwhile, pour 2 tablespoons of brandy over the liver, warm it and set it alight. Before the flame dies down douse it with a little stock. Next add the onions and mushrooms to the liver.

Sprinkle a good dessertspoon of flour into the frying-pan with, perhaps, a small piece of butter. Add a cupful of stock and work it around to mix the delicious residue into the sauce. Add a sherry glass of dry white wine and simmer all together for a few minutes. Season with a pinch of ground mace, or failing that a little grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to taste. Strain this over the contents of the casserole, cover and simmer gently for about 1 hour.

This dish can be cooked in the oven or on top of the stove.



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Attractively displayed on a page entitled FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES, this new service to readers begins with the issue of April 12. The rate is one guinea per line. Send your announcement to: Miss D. Carding, The Tatler, Ingram House, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.



The new Continental line. Right: Volkswagen with special Swiss body by designer Frua. Left: Ghia's body for the Fiat 2100 S coupé. Full production starts this summer. Both cars were seen at Geneva

MOTORING

Nothing recedes like success

Gordon Wilkins

IT WAS NEARLY EIGHT IN THE evening when we got away from TWW's new television studio in Bristol but with the help and co-operation of British Railways and the customs people our 3-litre car was hoisted on to the steamer at Southampton and stowed away well before ten. By the time the boat sailed soon after 10.15 p.m. we were enjoying a steak in the restaurant with a bottle of St. Emilion that seemed good value at 10s. The food and service on British cross-Channel steamers are so superior to the standards on the ships run by the French that the contrast is painful. After a good night's sleep we were on the road again before seven in the morning. We spent part of the morning in Paris where this article was to be posted and pressed on to get to Geneva the same night.

What a pleasant way this is to cross the Channel and how convenient it is for people living in the west and the Midlands. Yet for all that there were few people using it, probably because it is promoted badly and it costs too much. Transport charge for the car was £13 each way while passenger fares are £5 11s. single plus £1 5s. for a cabin, so that the cost of the double journey comes to well over £50. Nationalized industries and Government departments rarely seem to grasp the simple commercial truth that the way to make profits is to

cut prices and increase turnover. American airports obtain up to one-third of their revenue from their vast car parks and so keep down landing charges for aircraft. London airport is just increasing its landing charges to make them the second highest in the world (I am told the Sudan has the unenviable distinction of making the highest charges). Yet at the same time car parking charges at the airport have been pushed up to £2 a day to drive away the motorists who could bring in revenue. I imagine that there are quite a lot of people living out of London who find, as I do, that this can just tip the balance against air travel. I can drive from home to London airport in 90 minutes but, if I have to take a train to London, then get a cab to the air terminal and a coach to the airport, the best part of a day has gone by and one might just as well drive the car all the way and enjoy the use of it on the Continent. So the fact that the Ministry of Aviation cannot contrive to let my car stand in a field for less than £14 a week means that flying becomes just too much trouble and it really does not matter whether the airlines offer to fly one with jets, with turbo props, with piston engines or with propellers driven by elastic bands.

A couple of weeks ago I did fly out to Germany from Manston, where car parking is not yet dis-

couraged. As I was about to board the plane one of the officials suddenly noticed that my passport had expired. I pointed out that I still had the right to leave the country if I wanted to, and he said: "Oh yes, you can go if you are prepared to take the risk." Knowing the progress that the rest of Western Europe is making with the abolition of needless travel formalities I did not rate the risks highly. In fact the Germans neither looked at my passport nor inspected my baggage. It was only when I got back to England that the agitation started all over again. As there are only a few blank pages left I tried to renew the passport for three years, but this is no longer possible. You have to renew for five years and pay the full fee though everyone knows that the pages will be filled and you will have to buy a new passport in two or three years. This is one of those little gestures that make one feel that somewhere there are resourceful bureaucratic shock troops fighting a tough rearguard action against this sinister movement towards simpler travel. They have recently had one notable success. With the abolition of car papers for tourists visiting Spain and Portugal, Britain is now the only country in Western Europe demanding customs documents for visiting motor cars.

But so far as passports are concerned we really have only ourselves to blame. At the end of the war we all had identity cards issued free of charge but we allowed ourselves to be persuaded that these were the hated symbols of the police state and must be abolished immediately in the name of freedom. Nowadays the people of Western Europe travel happily around from

one country to another carrying only their identity cards, but the British have to buy passports because they got rid of the alternative.

I must admit that when I wrote about posting the article from Paris and driving on to Geneva, a small voice whispered to me, "Willins you are sticking your neck out; you may never make it." I didn't. After writing the article, I went round to the post office in Paris to find it deserted except for one off-hand individual reading a newspaper who told me that they were not in the least interested in my mail because the French postal services were on strike. I then worked it out that if I hurried down to Geneva I could get there in time to get the article on the night mail plane to London. But on the way a leak developed in the power-steering system and oil fell out in the road so I finished up at Dole at 2 a.m. I am now seriously considering carrying around a homing pigeon in a basket to get my dispatches back to base.

Once in Geneva, where the weather was like summer, troubles soon melted away and within half an hour we were engulfed in the round of parties and receptions that mark the great Spring Motor Show. Geoffrey and Brian Rootes were at the Richemond announcing a £47 cut in the Swiss price of the Hillman Minx to celebrate last year's big increase in sales; Sir William Lyons was host at a party to launch the E-Type Jaguar that was the hit of the show and Harry Webster, designer of the Triumph Herald, was looking very fit after convalescing at Cannes to get over a serious operation and complications which followed a crash while water ski-ing.



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